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Clyde L. Fife

FIFE'S REVIVAL SERMONS

By CLYDE LEE FIFE
Union Evangelist.



PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Louisville, Ky.

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BY

CLYDE LEE FIFE.

FOREWORD.

The sermons in this volume have helped me to win 20,000 souls to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

They are printed just as I have spoken them with all my heart and soul without any attempt at rhetorical effect, flights of eloquence or literary excellence.

If a single one of these shall be helpful to a single co-laborer in the saving of a single soul from Hell I shall feel that their publication has not been in vain.

CLYDE LEE FIFE.

Robinson, Ill.

September, 1922.

DEDICATION.

To my co-laborers in the vineyard of our Lord Jesus Christ this volume is dedicated with the hope and prayer that its contents may help them to bring more souls into the Kingdom.

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THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Text: Matt. 12:31. *"And I say unto you that every sin and transgression shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit shall not be forgiven unto man, and whosoever speaketh the word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, either in this life, nor in the life to come."*

✓ If some people would think more about the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and less about the unpardonable sin, they would be better off in this life and in the life to come. There are men here tonight who are as much lost as if they had been in hell for a thousand years. They once intended to become Christians, and live right and go straight, but now they have no notion of making any change, and will live and die in that state of mind.

✓ If I should announce speaking here tomorrow, some would come, but if I should announce that the president of the United States and King George of England would jointly discuss International Law, no building could contain the crowd. If I should announce a horse race, some old sports would come, but if I should announce that Morwich and Lady Madcap would race, thousands

would gather. I may announce a sermon on sin and some may come, but one on the unpardonable sin and the house overflows.

✓ Any sin will cause a soul to be lost whether pardonable or unpardonable, if not repented.

✓ On the Coast of Panama, millions of microscopic animals called teredos bore into the solid bamboo logs until they fall under the sea, house occupants and all. So some men are careless of the teredo sins of life and worry much lest they commit some great sin.

✓ Sin is the transgression of law. Blasphemy is to speak in terms of reviling and reproach, with impious irreverence, and to revile God, Christ or the Holy Spirit. Skeptics may wrangle and mockers may blaspheme. The Holy Spirit is God's representative on earth. Under the patriarchal dispensation, God arranged for the salvation of the world. Christ in the Jewish dispensation came revealing this plan. The Holy Spirit under the Christian dispensation, executed this plan. The Spirit of God has worked with people of all ages for their salvation. God said to Noah, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

✓ Some live as if they never expected to die. They regard salvation so lightly that they let it slip beyond them almost forever. On the chalky shores of Scotland, men let each other down over the cliffs with ropes, to gather the shore birds' eggs. Knife in hand and a rope around his body, a basket on his arm, one Scotchman swung down

over the old gray ocean to pick up eggs, but he lost his rope. His hair stood on end. He threw clubs until he hit the rope. The wind blew the rope toward him. With no way to signal his helpers, he made a flying leap into the air hundreds of feet above the water, caught the rope and climbed hand over hand to safety. He fainted, was carried home and died in thirty days. Before his death his hair turned as white as snow. So men trifle with the life-line of salvation until they are in danger of imminent death and then make a mad rush for hope and heaven.

✓ The unpardonable sin is not profanity. This is sure to cause the soul to be lost, if not repented. There is no habit more disgusting, but God will forgive it if one will repent.

✓ A small boy was tormented by some bums because he was undersized. But he boasted that he could do something that the big guys couldn't do. And when they asked him what it was, he said, "I can keep from swearing." Listen to this boys: Somebody asked me to take a drink. What did I tell him—what do you think? I told him "no." Somebody asked me one day to play a game of cards, and what did I say? I told him no. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My Bible said no, and so on the spot I told him "no"

✓ Boys, learn this one. Were I a man grown, I'd stand with a clean heart, soul and hand, an honor to this land.

✓ I would be good and true

I would not smoke and chew as many grown
men do

Tobacco is foul stuff;

Hogs root it from the trough;

And serve it right enough.

I wish I'd every seed

And plant of that bad weed,

I'd make a fire indeed.

And these two lips of mine

Should never taste of wine,

Though it may glow and shine,

No wine, no beer, no gin,

No ale, no rum; within

Each drink lurks sin and shame,

And I'd not swear. Ah! when

We boys grow into men

For we shall be and do

Just what I've said; and you

Had better try it too."

↓ The unpardonable sin is not skepticism. Men should know the Bible before airing their views too quickly. A young circuit rider preacher in the country prepared a sermon on the unpardonable sin for a sick man in the community, and at the end of it, charged the old brother for having permitted it. It was too much for the old gentleman and he arose and rushed from the building and ran yelling through the hedge across the fields with all the men and boys and the dogs after him. When they caught up with him, he raved like a wild man and said that he had committed the un-

pardonable sin. It so happened that both the old brother and the young man were mistaken.

✓ In Southern Illinois, a young school teacher was swept off his feet by Bob Ingersoll's lectures. One day an old preacher who was as slick with the Bible as some women are with a deck of bridge cards, came along and showed him the reasonableness of the Christian faith. That night that young man came to the schoolhouse to hear the old-time preacher, and was converted. He gave up his school, went to college, became a minister, and died after a long service, leaving the finest library extant on the subject of all kinds of "isms." Do you think that because Clark Braden once was a skeptic that God let him be lost forever? Not in a thousand years.

✓ The biographers of Charles Darwin and the writers on evolution failed to relate the story of his last days as told by Lady Hope in meetings in Northfield, Mass.

She was asked to go in and sit with him. He was propped up by pillows in his bed and in his hand he had a Bible.

"What are you reading now?" Lady Hope asked.

"Hebrews," he answered—"still Hebrews," the 'Royal Book,' I call it."

He placed his finger on some passages and commented on them.

Lady Hope made reference to the strong opinions expressed on the history of the Creation, and

their treatment of the first chapters of the Book of Genesis.

Darwin seemed distressed, his fingers twitched nervously and a look of agony came on his face as he said:

"I was a young man with unformed ideas, I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything and to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them."

Then he paused, and after speaking of "the holiness of God" and the grandeur of "this Book" looking at the Bible which he was carefully holding all the time, he suddenly said:

"Lady Hope, I have a summer house in the garden which holds about thirty people. It is over there," pointing to the open window, "I want you very much to speak there. I know you read the Bible in the villages. Tomorrow afternoon I should like the servants on the place, some tenants and a few of the neighbors to gather there. Will you speak to them?" "What shall I speak about?" Lady Hope asked, "Christ Jesus," he replied in a very emphatic voice, adding in a lower tone, "and his salvation. Is not that the best thing? And then I want you to sing with them." Lady Hope says, "the look of brightness and animation on his face as he said this, I shall never forget, for he added: 'If you take this meeting at three o'clock, this window will be open, and you will know that I am joining in with the singing.'"

✓ The unpardonable sin is not mere neglect. Yet neglect may cause your soul to be lost forever. I can take a piece of chalk and write on each tombstone in your graveyard the cause of each death and not miss it one time out of ten. I can do it with one word. And that word is "neglect." Some wait until the struggle is terrific. A young man came to the revival and was asked to give his heart to Christ. He turned on his heel and said to the worker, "I'll run the risk—I'll take my chance." He went home to feed his horses, climbed up in the barn, fell out headlong and broke his neck and his back.

✓ Many a good-hearted man has gone to a revival his last time, has been entreated, shaken his head at the last invitation and gone home to die without hope. God would have saved him had he been willing, but He forces Himself and His salvation on no one. The Spirit of God that woos so tenderly may become weary after awhile and abandon you to the devil.

✓ Some men bet against fate. One of these fellows was a rich cattle feeder and stock raiser in old Illinois. He and his neighbor friends took a train load of fat cattle and hogs to the Chicago market and sold them. They came by old Farwell Hall where Dwight L. Moody was preaching. When Moody gave the call for penitents this man said to his friend "Hold my coat." His friend said, "No, we'll miss the train and it's all off." They stood there and argued and see-sawed back

and forth until the meeting was all over and this man went home to forget the good impression. Years went by and he arose in a tabernacle, retold this story and said that for twenty-one years, God had withdrawn his spirit from him, and how thankful he was that he had been turned again to penitence.

✓ The unpardonable sin is not drunkenness. No drunkard shall enter heaven. Yet if you vote it in, believe in a wet town, sign saloon licenses, vote in a locker system, tamper with it, peddle it, you're an enemy to decency and to God and in a fair way to be lost forever.

✓ It is impossible for a man to drink moderately. John B. Gough, prince of temperance lecturers, said, "My father was a moderate drinker all his life, but his son could no more drink moderately than you could explode a powder magazine gradually or fire a gun off by degrees. The moderate drinking of a father has much to do with the drunkenness of a son. When I was a boy, I heard of an old deacon who had prescribed a quart of Kentucky Bourbon for his cold. He set it behind the stove-pipe on a shelf and took it according to the doctor's directions just after shaving. In a few days the deacon's son called the doctor on the telephone excitedly and said, "Doc, for God's sake come up here quick—Pa has lost his mind." "Why, what is the matter," said the doctor, "what has he done." "Oh, said the boy, he's shaving eleven to fifteen times a day." Yet you say you

can let whiskey alone. Maybe you can, but it won't let you alone.

✓ A father said, "I have drunk whiskey every day for thirty-five years, and now I am sixty." Now what was the result? His first child was a little girl; she had perfect health. The second was a boy, marvelously nervous and excitable, as different from his phlegmatic father as possible. The third was a girl of seventeen who was epileptic and helpless from her birth. This may be duplicated in nearly every community. The superintendent of a hospital in Switzerland says, 45% of the children of parents who use intoxicating liquors, were healthy, but 82% of the children of temperate parents had sound bodies. No man can drink and take the consequences alone. His wife and children bear his shame to the third and fourth generation. What has happened to other children can happen to yours. It looks like this ought to be the unpardonable sin, but it is not. God will forgive it if you come to Him in time to ask his forgiveness.

✓ Victor Hugo says, "There is not a vice or pleasure, a sin indulged in by the parent that is not transmitted to the child. The children of opium eaters are often born with a paralyzed will and with strong tendencies to evil. The effect of strong drink often shows itself in the inherited appetite to the third and fourth generations. Many of our social wrecks are the result of ancestral sowing."

✓ Charles Guiteau, who shot President Garfield, was an unwelcome child. His body was weakened by violence done and his nervous system depraved and excitable. His mind was stamped with a reckless disregard for human life that his mother had felt for her helpless unborn babe. Yet there was a time in his history when this dormant demon could have been held in check and not have been permitted to drive him to insanity. But he gave himself to crankism. He threw out every beautiful piece from the kaleidoscope of his mind and left only those that were dark and murderous to lure him on to ruin.

✓ The unpardonable sin is not covetousness. A wealthy man was on the sea when a great storm arose. He fell down on his knees and cried to God and promised that if the storm abated that when he got home he would offer as a sacrifice a thanksgiving to God a hecatomb or 100 oxen. The storm began to quiet and he cut it down to 75. It got a little better and he cut it to 50, then 25, then 10. When he looked out over the silvery sea and the calm that had come, he cut it down to one, and when he got home, he forgot all about it. Yet God will forgive him if he'll repent.

✓ The unpardonable sin is not adultery. Yet it will cause a soul to be lost unless one will repent with Godly sorrow. My Bible says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and "no adulterer shall enter heaven." Think of the broken homes, broken hearts and broken lives that go hand in hand.

'The days of regret and the long sleepless nights of anguish and remorse. Think of the little children who come into the world under a handicap and who can call no man on earth their father. I went to the All Prayer Foundlings Home in Louisville, Ky. I saw eighteen little fatherless babies in two rooms. Most of them under six months. Some of them were on little white beds, some on the floor, and only one was old enough to learn to walk. Some of them looked to be the children of wealthy parents. A trained nurse attended them. It was sleepy time and they all cried at once. It touched my heart and I made up my mind that the greatest thing in the world is for a little child to have the love and personal attention of his own mother and daddy during the days when he needs them most; when his little head is wobbly and he is so dependent.

↓ Sixteen young girls were sent to a Home to be taken care of and fed and clothed until their children should be born. Two of them had husbands and fourteen had never been married. Some society women of the city decided to give a charity ball for their benefit. When they heard it, they wrote the good women the following note, "Please make the money for us some other way if you can, for it was a dance hall that started us where we are."

↓ But the unpardonable sin is the wilful, constant and final rejection of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit, and of Jesus Christ as your personal

Saviour. You may also have spoken evilly of the Trinity, but it is all summed up in this final refusal of the only hope of the world—Jesus Christ.

✓ This sin is unpardonable because of the great disrespect shown to God. God has dignity and self-respect such as no man ever had. The wonder to me is that He is so long suffering and infinite in mercy. With your sin you have insulted God. A man may have his reasons for being skeptical, but certainly not for becoming a blasphemer. I may differ from you on a point in all kindness, but if I slap your face or you slap mine in the argument, that is unwarranted. You may dispute my judgment, but when you call in question my sincerity or good name, then I'll fight, and so would any other red-blooded man.

✓ Another reason why this sin is unpardonable is because of the injurious influence left behind. It is hard to estimate the worth of a good man in a community, and who on the other hand can tell the influence for evil of a man who lives in respectability but stabs the church and Christian influence at every opportunity? That is the most dangerous man in the community. People lock against thieves, and high jackers, but never against a man like that. He does his work quietly but very effectively. Another reason why this sin is unpardonable is because there is no probation after death. There is no chance to repent in eternity. Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Therefore there is no post mortem gospel

to be preached. As the tree falleth, so shall it lie. When we felled trees down in old Kentucky, we didn't expect to come back after dinner and find them turned "wrong end to."

✓ In Falls City, Nebraska an old gentleman who was quite a poet and a thinker, was invited to accept Christ. On the way home he fell dead in the snow. They carried him home and read his last words that he had written in a book with a pen. And these words read, "We can do without many things but we cannot do without Jesus Christ." He didn't know he was refusing Christ for the last time, but he died without hope.

✓ A Longmont, Colo., young man stood in the meeting on Sunday night and shook his head to all workers who invited him to Christ. He said, "If I'm here, I will join Tuesday night." Monday afternoon at three o'clock he was plowing in a cornfield back of his house. His wife sat on the back porch and rocked the baby and watched him plow. A cloud came off the mountain that didn't look to be much bigger than the top of a house. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and a streak of lightning hit this man and killed him and his team. The only mark on his body was a little blue spot right at the hair line on his forehead. They brought him to town the next day and Dr. Waller took some dirt on a shovel, committed his body to its final resting-place. They had wrapped him in a Christless shroud, put him

in a Christless coffin, buried him in a Christless grave, and he went without God to a Christless eternity.

↓ In view of the fact that you cannot set the day of your death, and that if you could and sinned up to that time, how could you expect God to forgive such presumption? In view of the fact that you expect sometime to prepare to meet God, are you not flirting with death and standing in your own light when you put this off another hour?

TITHING.

Text: "*Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.*" Mal. 3:10.

Will some one here loan me a silver dollar? Thank you. Now, when you settle your relationship to this dollar, you will determine your relationship to your God. Come get your dollar, brother. The wrong use of this dollar will send you to hell, and the right use will land you in heaven.

When the finite comes into contact with the infinite, the finite loses, and the infinite triumphs. God told Jonah to preach to Nineveh. Jonah had another plan, and landed in the belly of a fish. Noah was told to preach to the people and see if they would repent. He followed God's plan and rode off in the ark. Moses was told to lead his people to Canaan, but he smote the rock in his own name and never set foot on the promised land. God told Ananias and Sapphira to sell a portion of their goods and bring God's part into the temple. They held out a part and lost their lives. So there are only two bunches in the church today, the tithers and the Ananias gang.

If this argument lands you in the Ananias gang, will you defend it, and if in the tithers band, will you join it and sign the covenant. The

love of money is the root of all evil, and if you have been unfaithful in the administration of the unrighteous mammon, how shall God entrust to you his true riches?

Tithing is God's favorite plan. It is not merely a matter of expediency. Never join a church, a lodge or a tither's band for financial gain, yet tithing pays the biggest dividends of anything in the world.

In the panic of '93 the elders of a Presbyterian Church met together in Wichita, Kansas, to turn off the preacher and arrange to close the church doors indefinitely. One man got up and said "Brethren, we can do without many things, but we cannot do without Jesus Christ. I feel led to say that I will give one tenth of the income from a prescription that I am manufacturing that I have called Mentholatum." He sat down and another man got up and said, "Brethren, I want to join our brother, and I will give one tenth of all I make on my ranch, though my cattle have eaten their heads off, and I couldn't get enough out of them to pay the freight to market. He sat down. Another got up and said, "I am running a store, business is the poorest I ever saw, but I will join our brethren and give a tenth of what I can make in our store." They knelt in prayer and went back to their business. I saw the Mentholatum man riding in a new Studebaker wagon in Estes Park, Colorado, and Dr. Phillips of the Presbyterian Church in our union meetings there told me

all about it. God prospered those men, they built a fine church, paid their preacher a princely salary, educated his children, and every one of those men is a multi-millionaire, or was at the day of his death. Their children never knew what it was to want and can truly say, "once I was young and now I am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

Let me tell you another remarkable case. A poor boy from Henry County, Kentucky, came with his friend from the same little town of Campbellsburg. They lit in Kansas City Mo. Geo. Combs went to preaching to a little forlorn membership, which grew up under his hand like Jonah's Gourd Vine in a night. His friend Bob went out into Kansas and flunkied around in a lumber yard; carried lime and cement, unloaded cars, sold turpentine by the bottle. Bob soon acquired the ability to run a yard. Then he bought a yard, and then a line of yards, then virgin timberlands that had never seen an axe or a saw. He promised God when he was a poor boy that he would give one tenth of all he made to the Christian Church, of which he was always a faithful member. He held to this plan as a matter of privilege, and now he has the finest home in Kansas City, owns the largest office building and is worth tens of millions. He endows churches and hospitals and has given away fabulous sums for Christian work and the evangelization of the world. His name is R. A. Long.

Let me give you one more case and I will desist—a young fellow down in Georgia whose brother is a splendid bishop in the Methodist church of my native southland. He was raised in a Christian home and rocked in a Methodist cradle. He fell on to a prescription which he called Coca-Cola. He got a lot of pretty girls' pictures, drinking his favorite beverage, and some enterprising advertising firm made Coca-Cola a by word around the world over night. He promised God that he would give one tenth of all he ever made to the church. Now he is worth tens of millions and Asa Candler has made a name as a business and a religious man that will never die.

Brother, is not this enough? Do you wonder that God says "Try me and see if I will not pour out the blessings of Heaven upon you in greater measure than you're able to contain."

Tithing is God's wisdom made law. A law should be enforced or repealed. The law of the tithe was never repealed, but made more binding in the New Testament. For instance, "Lay by and store on the first day of the week, according as God has prospered you."

All time and money lost for Christ's sake are gained. John Thompson invited me to his home for supper. I asked him to tell me about the Quaker people. He said, "Brother Fife, my father was a Quaker preacher. We all lived in the country on farms and everybody worked. Most of the people owned their own land. No matter how

busy we were, nor if the wheat were falling out of the heads, and the rain about to ruin the new hay, or the threshing machine going red hot, that made no difference. When nine o'clock on Wednesday morning came, the old whistle blew and they all piled into the wagons and pulled their freight for the little Quaker church, and went right in in their working clothes, men, women and all the kids. They preached, prayed and sang to beat the band, until 12 o'clock. They went home, ate dinner and were back in the field a little after one, and nobody had finer horses, fatter horses, healthier children, lived longer, owned and paid for more land and were less in the courts than those Quaker people. They tithe their money and income and the churches always prosper." When I heard that, it moved my soul, and I said "Bless God." The Lord will not turn his back on this old country so long as it has people like that left behind to make up the ten righteous. These people broke bread, had prayers, and contributed to the necessity of the Saints, whether there was any sermon or not.

If tithing is not God's way, and God's way is not the best way, will you tell me how it is that the leading churches of the world have adopted it? In the Methodist Church alone, there are 83,000 tithers. The Moravian Church leads all churches in the world in gifts to missions and benevolences. The Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, United Brethren, Episcopalians, Evangeli-

cal, and all other churches that have the largest following in the religious world are preaching this from the housetops, and if this sermon, delivered in the love and fear of Almighty God can be re-preached, in the great churches of this world by their faithful and persevering pastors, I shall thank God that I was ever led to prepare and deliver it.

How to put tithing into practice. In the old Bible times, the priest cut a hole in a chest, and he "put all the tithes therein." This was unanimously practiced. There never was an exception until the time of Cain, who was a murderer, and Achan who was a thief, and Annanias and Sapphira, who were embezzlers.

In the absence of cash money, they brought herds, grain and fruits. The first fruits which were always the best.

Tithing is predicated on divine ownership. A few months ago a case was tried in England which traced the matter of title back to the days of Almighty God, and the verdict rendered "This title is found vested in Almighty God." There is no fee simple or warranty ownership. It is outright, paid for, in full to date. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. The cattle on a thousand hills are his. He holds it by right of creation. He has never by warranty deed, rental lease or chattel mortgage, transferred it to man. Man is a squatter on the bounty of God, or child not yet having entered in to the heavenly father's

full inheritance. He is an occupant, holding his occupancy contingent to his being willing to give to God one tenth of his income, and the fruitage and yield of his land.

God also holds this by right of necessary control. The tides that ebb and flow, the stars in their heavenly harmony, the moons with their kind light, and the seasons are all in His hands and not in ours.

Man's plans for financing the Kingdom of God are for the most part a joke. The church is the lamb's bride. Now suppose that some of you preachers should marry a couple and the next morning the groom would stand down in the heart of the business district with his hat in hand on the corner and beg like this "Now fellers, I'm in a jackpot. I got married last night to this gal of mine, and she sure is some gal. Now I want you to all give me a donation here for my 'bride. She wanted to make a few little things before we got married, but I didn't give her time and now it's up to me to buy them for her. So I'm going to pass this hat and I want everybody here that feels a brotherly interest in me, to donate liberally." And that's the way we do to get money for the church which is the Lamb's bride.

The church is God's Kingdom on earth. Now suppose we go to England and on every corner, we see a Johnny Bull with a hat in his hand, saying, "Come here boys, His Majesty needs a little money. His 'orses are gettin' thin and his

daughter is going to be married. The revenue is low and the pound sterling is off in the stock market. Now divvy, come clean, hop through the hoop, come across with the mazuma." No sir, not in a thousand years. All great nations resort to more exalted methods. They make a budget and raise it by taxation. Everybody pays as he is able. So long as we resort to methods like this, the church will never have a regal standing. It has been bought and a terrific price has been paid through the blood of Jesus.

Man's plans ultimately result in failure. Any insurance order that must forever raise its assessments and finds its mortality steadily rising, will soon go broke. The supper and party plans get old. The members themselves who are most ardent, soon tire of them. Yet I do not condemn the supper plan, but declare unto you a better way. I saw a man putting a basement on a new foundation under a very fine three story brick residence. He got that house up on the jacks and every time he took out a brick he put a new one in its place. He dug that basement, put in his concrete forms, and let that house down on the new foundation and never cracked the wall. So don't jump out here tonight in fits and spasms and overturn and tear out the old foundation until you have this other ready with which to replace it, or down will go your meat house.

How to give it. Never give away your capital stock. Keep your earning power as a farmer

keeps a young milk cow or his wife keeps a young laying hen. Never take out your personal expenses. If you did, you wouldn't have enough out of the whole church put together to pay for the janitor. But you should give one tenth of your net income. Now suppose you made a thousand dollars on a house and it cost you a hundred for commission, transferring the deed etc. Now take a tenth of your nine hundred that is left, which is ninety dollars, and put it in an envelope with your name on it and street address, and bring it the next Sunday morning and cast it into the Treasury of the Church. For salaried people, it is one tenth net. Tithing people always have plenty of money when the time comes. They can give to everything good in the world. They are like a living well, dip it dry one day and it is full again over night. I was holding a meeting for a Methodist Church in Illinois and one man got up and gave twenty dollars the first day on the expenses of the meeting. The pastor came to me and said "Brother Fife, that man is a tither. He makes \$1.92 a day, sweeping the streets of the business district, and yet he can give more than any other man in the church, and he gives it. No matter how humble the life, tithing is the only plan that pays. A man can always do more with the nine tenths he has left than the ten tenths that he might keep. He becomes a better manager, his money goes farther, he buys and spends more carefully, and always has some money. In the

evening of life, he has money on which to live, support his family, educate his children and travel about to see the world.

How to handle it. Have one common treasury. Appoint a cabinet, including a representative from each department. The pastor is the president and has the final vote. Apportion on percentage basis, for example as follows:

Pastor	20%	Equal to....	\$2,000.00
Benevolence	10%	Equal to....	1,000.00
Missions.	10%	Equal to....	1,000.00
Ladies Aid	3%	Equal to....	300.00
Sunday School	3%	Equal to....	300.00
Incidentals	3%	Equal to....	300.00
Orphans.	2%	Equal to....	200.00
Christian Endeavor	1%	Equal to....	100.00
Children's Day	1%	Equal to....	100.00
Sinking Fund.	47%	Equal to....	4,700.00
Total	100%		\$10,000.00

All overs go into the sinking fund. No more soliciting, no more collecting. The people just bring it. In the Sunday School classes, no class brings less than a dollar to the Tithing Account on any Sunday. They wait until the next Sunday, the idea being not to offer the King of Glory any less than one dollar at a time. All tithes should be placed in tithing envelopes, with the name and address plainly written thereon. It is well for checks to read "Pay to God." The local treasurer

keeps the record. He goes only by your name, not a number. No church can succeed as it may succeed until this is done. I know a church that was on the rocks. They sent for me to come. I went there a solid week and preached nothing but from the text "If ye have been unfaithful in the unrighteous mammon, how shall God entrust with you his true riches." The church was "broke." On the second Sunday morning, we used a punch bowl for a treasury, and starting singing in the old time way, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, to save a wretch like me." And everybody got up and marched around in front of the pulpit and put in his tithe. Now what do you reckon was in that jack-pot by the time they got done with it? \$1765.62 cash money, and it was all for the church. Can you beat it? Some of that money was restitution money. It was money that had been held back from the Lord's work, and now given in faith and penitence. That church has never ceased prospering from that day to this. They paid off their church debt, raised the pastor's salary, bought the preacher a car, and paid me handsomely for my services.

Promiscuous tithing is a curse. It brings dire spiritual and financial poverty. It means hungry orphans, homeless preachers, no hospitals, universities unendowed and the church an ecclesiastical begger.

God makes the plan so plain that a fool may not err therein. Exodus-25:2 "Speak to the children

of Israel that they bring an offering." NOT GO AFTER IT. Exodus 35:5—"Take an offering unto the Lord. Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it (Not street begging). II Kings 12:9. "The priest took a chest and bored a hole in the lid of it and set it beside the altar on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord. And the priests that kept the door put *all the money* therein that was *brought into* the house of the Lord." Note: The people were not permitted to place tithes any and everywhere, but they were commanded to put it into *God's treasury*.

II Chron. 31:10—"Since the people began to bring their offerings into the house of the Lord (not began to beg). Mark 12:41—"And Jesus sat over against the treasury." Note. The people cast all the money *into the treasury*. Judas and Ananias first held out on Christ. We get our authority to tithe promiscuously from these two. They were not to hold it out for charity.

I call your attention to some gilt-edged promises of my God. Psalms 41:1—"Blessed is he that considers the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. Deut. 14:28-29—"God provided "poor tithe" every third year. God will not permit his people to claim money given as a poor tithe. We read, "Saul made havoc of the church." So do we. We have boiled her in oyster stew, frozen her in Eskimo Pie, covered her up with ice cream and crazy quilts, gorged her with chicken pie, smothered her in liver and onions and then

complained that the church is *spasmodic*. She has a license to be epileptic and paralytic. Mal. 3:10—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." Now what is your conclusion? Your plan or God's plan? It's the choice between failure and success. It is sign the pledge and claim God's promises, which are true and steadfast, or to reject God's plan and grope blindly in human ignorance and darkness.

Would it be out of place for me to tell what tithing has meant to my own heart and Christian experience? When I was a little boy down in old Kentucky, I promised God that I would never ask to be excused from anything that I felt the Lord would want me to do. Up to this hour I have held steadily to that promise. At the age of eighteen I stripped off my top shirt at night, bought me a weed scythe and mowed the vacant lots between night and morning, where now stand the homes of millionaires. I preached for \$1.25 a Sunday and God knows nobody called me a grafter then. When I get to heaven I'm going to hunt up old man Joe Corfield, and give him back that \$1.25 which is the nearest thing that I ever did to obtaining money under false pretenses. It looked like I would never get enough to buy me any clothes or any of the books that I needed. But I loved God and believed the Bible and preached what I knew of God's grace and the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus to save a poor sinner from hell. I preached it without fear or favor

and decidedly without any gloves. Then thousands of people began to join the churches, still I didn't have much money. I promised God that I would give one tenth of my income from all sources for I had only one source, and that was my meetings and what people gave me, for no pastor or evangelist can compete with his brother in professional or business life. He is solely dependent and forever dependent on the gifts of the people, which are their investment in his influence, conduct and character. For the first time, I began to have some money to give to my friends for evangelistic work, church debts, foundlings homes, parsonage debts, colleges, missions, universities and the Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. I made it to give and not to keep. I have to be away from home, and that just kills me. If there ever was a man that loves his home and would like to stay in it, I do. But woe is me if I preach not the gospel. I just want to testify to how God has saved me and kept me and broken me and given me through the system of his tithe, which should be the minimum in the heart of every poor boy, who loves the Lord and is willing to lay all on the altar and leave home and loved ones "for my sake and the gospel."

BROKEN THINGS.

Text: Matt. 26:26. *"And as they were eating Jesus took bread and blessed it and brake it, and gave it to the disciples and said, take, eat, this is my body."*

Temptation, Gethsemane, crucifixion and resurrection are the stages through which one must pass to coronation. Now the question is, has Jesus been coronated in your life? If not, are you willing to pay the price? The purpose of the Lord's Supper was to show forth his death and sufferings until He should come again. The reason some of you forget His death is that you never go around the Communion table. I will apply this text to heart, life and experience.

x - And He took it. He took this by right of creation. The angels and principalities were subject to Him and without Him was not anything made that was made. He took it because of His divine purpose. The purpose of God is to save us and of the devil to destroy us. Has the destroying power come into your life? Is your fortune gone? Also your home and your children? He took it because He loves us. In Terre Haute, Indiana, a mother threw herself in front of a huge truck to save her baby. She saved her child but lost her own life. And that's what my Saviour did. And

now I know what He meant when He said that he that taketh his own life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel, shall find it.

God takes us for use in His church, that institution ordained of God in, through and by which men are to be saved. He uses us in teaching, in giving, in personal work, in cleaning up the town and in relieving the distress.

I can never forget the day when God took me. It was at a quarter to twelve on the 23rd day of September. I felt myself a sinner and walked down the aisle and gave my hand to the preacher and my heart to God. I was broken-hearted because of my sins, and made up my mind that if God would ever save me I would give my life to His cause, which promise I have kept for nearly thirty years. I went home that day and told my mother what I had done. She was a beautiful Kentucky woman with golden hair and blue eyes, and she slipped her arm around my neck and kissed me and said, "Clyde, you're my oldest son. I have always loved you and this is the happiest day of my life. I want you to be a good boy and some day preach the gospel like your dear daddy does. But wherever you go, I want you to know that your mother's prayers will follow you to the end of the world."

X — He blessed it. When God touches anything His blessing is on it and with it and when the devil touches it, he curses and destroys it. Every-

where I turn I see the difference between the divine touch for growth and the withering touch for death. He blessed this as food to the soul. It represented God's best gift and became the world's greatest memorial.

Fifty thousand people were gathered in front of the Capitol at Washington. Sabers gleamed in the sunshine, soldiers marched in close formation. The silvery voiced bands lifted up a military strain that thrilled the hearts of all who looked on. It was the Inauguration morning. A large, heavy man who had been a soldier, diplomat, and business man, took off his silk hat, made his vows on the old Bible, kissed the book and then in the presence of a multitude, turned and kissed an old gray haired mother, and then kissed his wife. But he gave to the world its most shining example of a son's devotion to a mother love and laid the foundation for a world memorial in a mother's day, and that man was William McKinley, martyred president, who was shot down by the man with the unpronounceable name—Leon Czolgosz.

God blesses men today with health, with money, with success in business, with happy homes, good Christian wives, obedient children. Oh, you say, mine are not. Well brother, you had the raising of them and in the finality it will be laid at your door. Your home could be a lot happier if you only thought to have a little more sunshine and less of darkness and dissatisfaction. What

a change there has been in the attitude of some men.

Sister, don't you remember how your old man used to bring you roses, with stems as long as a stick of cordwood? And in the last twenty-five years, he hasn't given you a bouquet as good as a bunch of dog fennel. But some of these days, you'll get a lot of flowers and the band will march in front of you with slow music. But you won't hear the music and you won't smell the flowers, and your husband will have to get an extra band wagon in which to haul those extra flowers, and they will pile them high over your grave, and you won't smell a one. Then your husband will have the house refinished in canvas, beautifully done in oils, with bluebirds swinging high and dry in the sky. Japanese and Egyptian designs and furniture in gold leaf. But you won't sit on it. He will do this in your memory for Mrs. No. 2, and tell his second wife how you did love nice furniture, and that you always wanted it and that he's doing this in your memory. And there will be a wilderness of roses in the house and out in the yard, five pound boxes of Lowney's in every room, tickets to big doings, and there's a funny thing about a woman's teeth, she may not have but one tooth left and it may be hollow clear to the bottom, but the only thing that will ever stop that tooth from aching will be some nice candy. Now don't you old beaus go out of here tonight and stop at Kresge's ten cent store, get a nickel's

worth of gum drops in a striped sack. No sir, you go and get her some in a box and wrap it up in white jewelry paper. Put a card on it, and take it and hand it in with a trembling hand like you used to, and watch the old boss's spirits revive. It will come back to you in hot biscuits and gravy and angel food cakes that hump their backs up like a soprano in a church choir before the Easter music. Yes, we need more encouragement in our homes, in the pulpit and in the press. It is like honey in the honeycomb, water to the dry ground and dew to the rose.

He blessed us with a hope. All lives today are in need of it, with a shroud and pall of a great war, that has slain millions and cost billions. We need the guiding star that can hang in the darkest night. So why fight on in the darkness of sin without hope in Jesus Christ. God gave me that hope twenty-seven years ago when I was a very little boy, and it has made me what I am.

When Harry Monroe was resting during his last days by the side of the beautiful Lake Michigan, on the shores of old Chicago, his friend came to see him. He arose and extended both hands, and from his heart that had gone out in love to a man once a poor sinner by the name of Bill Sunday, he said, "I am so glad you've come, I feel like I am going to die, and that my time ain't long; but I just wanted you to know how that God has saved me with a wonderful salvation and kept me through all these years, and blessed me with a

hope that is my comfort and guide in this dark hour."

Just when I need him, Jesus is near
Just when I falter, just when I fear
Just when I need Him most.
Just when I need Him most,
Jesus is near to comfort and cheer.
Just when I need Him Most,
Glory to God for a dependable Saviour!

X — He brake it. It is wonderful to note how God can use for His glory those things that are the most perfectly broken. The sacrifices that He likes best are the broken and contrite hearts. It was through the breaking down of Jacob's natural strength at Peniel that God could clothe him with spiritual power. When Gideon's three hundred broke their pitchers, a type of breaking themselves, God struck consternation into their enemies and they killed one another. When Moses struck the rock at Horeb, the rock was broken and water flowed for men dying of thirst. When the poor widow broke the seal of the little pot of oil, God multiplied it to pay her debts. When Jesus broke the five loaves and two fishes, He fed the multitude. When Mary broke the beautiful alabaster box, rendering it henceforth useless, the pent up perfume filled the whole house. When Esther, beautiful Queen, broke through the etiquette of a heathen court, she obtained favor for her people. When Jesus had

His body broken on Calvary and his inner life poured out like a crystal ocean for thirsty sinners, they drank and lived. So God is using those who are broken in earthly ambitions, in beautiful ideals, in self will, worldly reputation, in health, in affections, and those who are despised, forlorn, helpless—upon these the Holy Spirit is seizing for God's glory. He waits to take hold of our failures and nothingness and shine through them for His glory. Isaiah says, "It is the lame that take the prey, and because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

What God needs most to break is the black-hearted, unforgiving spirit. It generates poison in the blood that overflows into the heart. It whets the enamel off the teeth, turns the eye of love to the venom of hate, through which peers the green eyed monster.

Forgiveness must come from the heart. Conversion comes from the heart. Obedience comes from the heart. All preaching, singing and every worthy action are from the heart. All my preaching is built on that premise. I preach to the heart. If I shoot at the head, I miss. If I shoot at the heart, I never miss. So I aim only at the heart, for out of it are the issues of life.

And there is the broken heart. We bleed to bless Thy joys, Oh God, are a broken heart and a contrite spirit. God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble. He moves along the

path where destruction has gone and done its worst and binds up the broken heart, pouring in oil and wine. Only a man with God's Spirit will do it. Has anything happened to break your heart? Mine has been broken many times. Then it is that one appreciates a wonderful Saviour. I was preaching in a church and the old janitor—an old-time Tennessee slave negro, said, "Law, boss, if you don't stop preaching to folks' hearts this way, I'm gwine to get so happy, I'll just go off into a prance and tear off the end of this 'ere church. You know some lawyers come down there with some papers for Liza and me to sign about our little residence. I signed with a cross mark, and they swore at us and in a day or two here comes some fellows and move us out into the street. But Liza and me kept on a gardening and a washing and holding on to dem nine children with one hand and praying to the Lord with the other. We had family prayers, every morning and night, and every night and every morning, and now all our children is in church and they aint a one of them whatever been arrested, and that's going some for a colored man." And then I thought "How many white folks here tonight have done as well as this poor old negro, that didn't take his freedom when Massa Lincum freed the negro?"

X — He gave it. He gave this bread to feed their souls. The temporal bread decays. The food of this world satisfies only the body. The pleasures

of the world are only for a season. Nothing matters but Jesus Christ and the need of the world is just what it was then, "Evermore Oh God, give us the living bread." No one can live on booze, adultery, poker games. Bohemian Dutch lunches and keep his soul from thirst and decay.

He gives us to be burden bearers. If Jesus bore the sins of the world and went to the cross, can't you help to alleviate the world's sorrow now when it costs you so little. We commit a grievous sin and patronize the devil by putting our religion on such a miserly basis. We cultivate stinginess, tightwaddedness and covetousness. If our religion cost us more, we would appreciate it better.

He gives us to preach the gospel. He has ordained this natural means of promulgating the truth and saving sinners, for how shall they hear without a preacher and preach except they be sent, for faith cometh by hearing (not sitting at home with your shoes off) and hearing by the word of God. So it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, and he says, "If any man will do my will, he shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether he speak of someone else."

He gives us as a sacrifice. My Saviour was a sacrificing, soul-winning Christ, and if I am to be like him, I must be a sacrificing, soul-winning Christian. Ask the mother who holds the little babe for the first time in her arms how she came

to have this love, and she will say, "I bled to bless." Ask the bush that holds the blushing rose in the morning dew, and it points to its riven side and says, "I bled to bless." Ask the soldier of the American Revolution and watch his blood-stained footprints on the ground at Valley Forge, and he will say, "I bled to bless. I did it for my children and for their children." So the way of the cross is by way of the crown. The curse of the church today is the failure of the rank and file of its members to make any sacrifice whatsoever for Jesus' sake. Therefore God still withholds His blessing.

So He took it and blessed it and brake it and gave it. Oh, souls here tonight, where are you on this scale? At the beginning or at the end? God can never save you without unconditional surrender. Are you willing to lay all on the altar for Him? For He says, "Consecrate ye yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do great things among you." Only on his love can a permanent life work be builded. When the old Napoleon was dying in St. Helena, he said, "Oh thou Christ, thy kingdom was builded on love and it lives today, but mine was builded on hate and strife and blood-shed. I left my home, broke the heart of my wife, waded through seas of blood and trouble, and now I die alone on this island. Oh thou Christ, Oh Jesus Christ. I pray that you may sing this old song that my mother used to sing and say,

"I am thine Oh Lord,
 I have heard thy voice.
 As it called me Lord, to thee.
 And I still look up
 With a steadfast hope
 That my will be lost in Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To the cross where Thou has died
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To Thy precious wounded side."

THE JUDGMENT.

Text: *"What then shall I do when God riseth up? And when he visiteth what shall I answer him?"* Job 31:14.

Job had endured everything that can come to a man in the way of trouble in this life. A servant came in and told him that his children were all at the table, swept away by a storm and only he was left to tell the tale. Another came and told him how that the warlike tribes had killed off his servants in the fields and taken away his flocks and carried away their wives and daughters into slavery. He had been through drought, storms, wars and then was afflicted with boils until the wife of his bosom in her desperation, begged her own husband and said, "Oh Job, curse God and die." And Job said, "Oh shut up old woman, though he slay me, yet will I trust him." God told the devil that he could do anything to Job but kill him and he would never turn his back on his heavenly father, and said, "There is not another like him in all the earth. Have you considered him?" And yet, the only thing that worried Job was the time that he should some day face the great God, his maker to be judged according to the deeds done in his own body.

I thank God that when my life is over, I won't have to pass the dark portal and endure the sting of death but once. It has always been my hope

that when that hour comes it might be given to me to die at home, surrounded by my family and my friends whom I have known and loved best, and have loved me. To walk once more in the fields and woods and shoot a squirrel or a possum gravy off a limb. To angle for the finney tribe by the side of some shady pool. To plunge once more into the cool waters. To sit around in the evening when Erebus draws in the curtains of the night and pins them with a star of hope of the coming day. To read once more from the blessed book and get down on our knees and tell Jesus all about it.

God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the quick and the dead. Living or dead you will face that judgment room. Face it now!

In 1 Thess. 4:15--17. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we that are alive that are left shall together with them be caught up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

2 Thess. 1:7:8. "And to you that are afflicted, rest with us at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from Heaven with the angels of His power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God and to them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus.

The judgment day will not necessarily be a cer-

tain twenty-four hours. Jesus said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day", meaning his life of thirty-three years, and again "Oh, that thou hadst known in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace," meaning his three and a half years of ministry. But it will be an indefinite period including time enough to accomplish all needed good, and to finish well the work.

Some who will be at judgment. Come up here, backsliding church member, and give an account of yourself. You say you didn't know how long you would stay in a certain place and therefore you didn't join anywhere, and on this uncertainty you went through year after year and wasted your life. You said that there was no church of your choice there and yet you expected in each new town for thousands of dollars to be wasted on your particular brand of religion, because you couldn't fellowship with any others of God's people who were saved by the same Lord. Perhaps you overdid yourself in the last place and you have gone around with an ice-pack on your head since coming here for fear that you would again become overheated and get a sun-stroke in church work. You were perhaps too busy to attend the revival or the regular services of the church. You tore up three benches when you got happy and joined the church and now you haven't been back to church in over three years. "These shall go away into everlasting fire, but the righteous into life eternal."

The libertine. Come up here, libertine, and take this judgment seat and be on the witness stand awhile. What is that in your bosom? You finally managed to find it, and it's a letter from some woman. Did you show that to your wife? Would you want her to receive clandestine letters from other men? Do you remember the vow that you made at the marriage altar, and how you promised that you would keep yourself to her alone so long as you lived? And she kept her promise and you didn't keep yours? Did you ever read in my book, "No adulterer shall enter heaven?" Have you considered the little children in every city and hamlet that are born out of wedlock that call no man father upon the earth? Did you know that broken homes and broken lives go hand in hand? And you're the offender. "Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh."

Come up here old tight-wad and take this seat. Of all men disliked in a community, you're it. You never voted a school bond, built a church, paid a preacher, advocated any progressive step unless it was with a hand of progressive euchre, and then you bet all your small change and quit the game winner. Did you ever read in my Bible, "Honor me with thy substance?" You say it was Democratic times or Republican times and you were losing money and were land poor. Why didn't you deed an acre of that land to the cause of Christ? You said there were others in the church who were better able to support the cause

than you. And you never gave a cent. You let the faithful few sweat blood and bear the heat and the burden of the day, and you never did your part like a man. You said, "Let those who belong to the church support it," and yet a sheriff's posse couldn't have moved you out of the community beyond the shadow of that very church. You're a parasite on the body politic.

Down in old Mexico, leaches get on the horses and under their flanks while they graze in the night. They draw the blood from these poor donkeys and horses by the quart, and by the time that daylight comes and the men go out to feed, these poor dumb beasts are down and too weak to ever rise again. So they have to turn them over and take their jack knives and cut these leaches off, and then carry water and feed until these pack horses are strong enough to walk again. And that's what the tight-wad, the unbeliever and the infidel is to the church and the community. He is a parasite on its life, takes its blood and gives nothing in return.

Come up here hootch peddler. Did you ever read in my Bible where it said no drunkard shall enter heaven? Did you know that the majority of the people of this United States said by their vote that they didn't want the whiskey business in this country any longer? And now you start out to overthrow the law and become a law unto yourself. You give men hootch that has in it fusel oil that brings on a slow death. You put

in wood alcohol, or anything else that makes men blind and crazy, and you hand it out at a fabulous price in spite of a positive law. You complain that you couldn't very well do anything else. You overlooked the widows and the orphans and the fact that thousands of men who were once in the liquor business when it was a legalized traffic, have long ago turned heart and soul to legitimate business, have joined the church and are making good. You overlooked the fact that 9,000 little babies were smothered to death in one year by being slept on by drunken fathers. Does it move you any that 600,000 men died annually, directly or indirectly from this cause?

I have all honor for the man who used to keep saloons, and has quit the business, joined the church and is going straight. Bob Knox, of Maysville, Ky., told me that his uncle in Ft. Worth, Tex., used to keep a saloon in which he made a fortune but one day God saved him, and he quit the business and gave the rest of his life to the comfort, aid and assistance of widows and orphans that had been made so directly or indirectly by his whiskey business.

Come up here old long-tongued sister. Poke out your tongue. She sticks it out, and it's long enough to hang out a three-weeks' washing and not have to lap any of the clothes. She could sit on the front porch and pull grapes in the back yard. What about that poor girl you ruined? You felt that you did God's service when you told

her employer a head full about some dark day in her life, for which perhaps she was not altogether to blame. You saw that she was overtaken in a fault and you were a woman and she was a woman and you had a chance to help her and to restore her in the spirit of Christ, and you gladly gave her a kick and sent her on. And yet you let the young man that caused her to go the route, sit on your front porch in the evening and court your lovely daughter, and condone it all by the thought, "Oh he is very wealthy." Do you remember what you did to that preacher? You constituted yourself into a standing committee on pastor removal. Do you remember the remark you made to that man's wife which resulted in the breaking of his home? Know that for all these things, oh, woman, God shall bring thee in-to judgment.

Now suppose the preachers of this town started out with washing tubs and some mule tail shears to ring the door bells and clip a little off every tongue that's too long. They would break down with their loads before they'd get half way around town.

There isn't anythin g on earth that can out-talk an old, long-tongued woman, but one thing, and that is an old long-tongue, tobacco-squirting brother that looks like a beer keg with a collar around it, a cherry nose and tooth picks for legs. A good old woman came to the preacher one day and said, "I've been a sinnin' again. What must

I do?" He said, "You go and bring me an old hen here." She brought him an old speckled domestic. "Now," he said, "you go up and down the streets of this town and wherever you gossiped about anybody, pull out one feather and drop it down." She hadn't gone around one ward until the old hen was picked as clean as a goose for Thanksgiving. She brought the squawking old hen back and said, "What now?" "Now, you go right back over your tracks and pick up each one of those feathers and put it back in the hole where you pulled it out. "Oh, she says, "good heavens, I could never do that." "Just so," he said, "you can never repair the injury done with a lying tongue."

If you see a tall fellow
At the head of the crowd
Marching boldly and fearlessly along.
And you know some dark tale
Whose mere telling aloud
Might cause his proud head
To in anguish be bowed
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

FORGET IT.

BY BRO. M. M. BRODOWSKY.

Forget it, my dear boy, forget it!
That's the very best thing you can do,
It will do no good to remember
All the mean things that's said of you;

This life is too short to get even
For every mean act that you know,
So forget it, my dear boy, forget it!
Forget it, and just let it go.

Many good men have been ruined
And many good, pure women too,
By some knocker starting a rumor,
And not a word of it true.

So if you hear some fellow knocking
A man or a woman's good name,
You can bet it's a lie, so forget it!
And never repeat it again.

Come up here moralist. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ? Did you ever know that the saving power was not in a system of ethics but in the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus Christ? Now listen, we're going to set up the judgment throne of God and the books are open and the doors are shut. And you stand before the judgment bar and on that altar is opened a book with letters brighter than the shining sun. And heaven is in silence; and there on that page is your *real* record. Before you got there, you prided yourself that in your life there were three circles, the outer, which the world knew, that was common talk. The middle, that only your wife or your most intimate relations knew, but the other is the inner circle, and now that which only you and God knew comes to the light of heaven, before the

judgment crowd and just behind you stands your wife. She sees the real man with whom she has lived all these years and for whom she bore children, and washed clothes and kept house and worked her hands off, and she sees you like you are. Now just a minute sister. Will you step up to the bar, and another page is opened. And there is your real life. Your husband stands just behind your shoulder and looks over and sees the secrets of your life for which you would have forfeited your right eye. He sees the time that you lived a double life, the day that you deceived and the time that you lost your head for the sake of fine feathers and the pride of life, and he sees you as you are. And this will in judgment all be brought to you.

You are writing your own book of life,
Day by day a record foul or fair
When at last your work is done
And you face the judgment throne
Then the books will all be opened over there.

God checks up on knowledge. He that knoweth the will of the father and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes, but he that knoweth not the will of my father, and doeth it not shall be beaten with few stripes. It is better that you had never been born at all unless you are going to be born again. In this land of Bibles, revivals and an efficient ministry, there is no excuse for unbelievers. My ticket in this town is to make it

harder for men to be lost and easier for them to be saved, and that's the plainest I can tell it, and that's task enough for any man.

He checks up on sins of omission. You omitted to do any personal work, to obey the gospel, to support the cause of Christ, with your tithe, you let others do the praying, run the church, you set no good example before your children, nor send up any material for the heavenly mansion.

Two boys joined in a revival. The day came to receive new members into the church. The younger boy never got away from home and the old man refused to let him ever attend any more because "he wanted him to get a taste of sin." He surely got it and the last time I saw that boy was when I preached in the State Penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas. I saw his white, wan face through the bars and his life was broken. It's too bad that these old daddies and mothers who keep their children out of the church and away from Christian influence, can't be lost for them. I mean those who curse and swear, oppose revivals, lead lives of lust and vile sin, make fun of religion and converts.

I think the lowest down thing of which a sinner can ever be guilty is to ridicule a man who tries to do right, and to say, "Oh, he'll be right back with the old gang by next Saturday night." That wish is father to the thought, and that man is an enemy to society and decency.

What will the sinner do with judgment? Will

he run away like Jonah? Postpone it like Felix? Secretly accept like Nicodemus? Now is your time for doing. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and I have no post mortem gospel to preach.

What will the Christian do at judgment? If I can only stand inside the gate and see pass by the 20,000 souls that by the help of God we have added to one church alone, I shall be satisfied.

What shall I say? Sinner will you say "Not guilty?" With your record and the record of God against you? Will you remind the Lord of how you "fed the sick?" A sick man eats nothing. When you feed a sick man you haven't done anything. And what will the Christian say? Will he stand blameless in that hour of honesty and truth, and be able to sing, "Jesus lover of my soul," "At the Cross" and "Since Jesus Come into My Heart?"

In view of the fact that you cannot give any reason with foundation in fact for not becoming a Christian, that will stand now among men, how can you expect to stand before the great God?

Going to die and not fit to live,
Going to die life's account to give,
Unto God's bar thou must surely go
And nothing but sin in God's book to show—
Oh what will your judgment be?

THE OLD STORY.

LOVE IS SHINING THREAD THAT RUNS THROUGH LIFE'S FABRIC.

Says Evangelist in Sermon.

Text: "*Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee.*" Ruth 1:16.

I offer no apology for speaking on love, for it is the silver, shining thread that runs through the entire fabric of civilization. It is the inspiration of the novelist, the power of the preacher, the introduction into the heart of every man, regardless of race or condition. It fires holy ambition, gives stability to the ties of home and sweetest associations and is the anchor of Christian liberty. It is the tie that binds finite man to the infinite God, from man's creation to his redemption and salvation.

It is, therefore, impossible to tell the story of salvation of lost men and leave out the motive power through which they have been saved, for I read its most comprehensive and extensive definition in these words, "God is Love." How, then, can I talk of God and a mighty salvation and leave out this source of light and life?

When Benjamin Franklin was our representative at the court of France, he was invited to join the most famous of its literary circles. One even-

ing a man at the club had chanced to find in some scattered pages from an old book in a drawer a most remarkable love story which he had translated into the original French and read with the richest asset to a human being a finely modulated voice. When the club members heard it, they went into ecstasies and wondered who could be the author. You can imagine their chagrin when Mr. Franklin arose and told them that it was taken from the Book of books that they had so long ridiculed and so little read—the Bible. And, to this day, no novelist has excelled this simple, pastoral love story from a literary standpoint.

On going into the library in Edinboro, a bystander heard a professor of science there tell the librarian to go to the scientific department and take into the basement all the books that were as much as ten years old and carry to their places on the shelves new books just opened.

In contrast to these learned works of science and research, I am telling you today of work on the deeper mystery of the love of God to men that is two thousand years old and more and more has been translated into almost every tongue on the face of the earth. It is carried in the soldier's knapsack, in the sailor's chest; is read in the homes and schools, is the book upon which we make our vows at the marriage altar; the book in which we record the names of our children when they are born, and which we read at the coffin when our loved ones are dead.

Oh, the Bible, the Bible! Read it to me for its sweet stories of character when I am young; read it to me when I face the hot fires of temptation; read it to me when I falter in my faith to God; hold it before my eyes when I am dying; whisper its promises to me when I pass the dark portal and fold it in my hands across my bosom when I am cold and stiff, that I may cling to its blessed promises in the long journey to the land where the sun never goes down.

THE STORY.

You remember the story—how Naomi was courted, wooed and won by a young man in Bethlehem-Judah, named Elimelech. God blessed their home with the ties that bind as nothing else in the old world—two bright little boys. All the music of life came with these little fellows and when they played around the door and listened to their mother's song, it seemed that the angels were not far away.

But famine struck that land and they had to leave the old home in Bethlehem-Judah for the heathen land of Moab, where there was water and grass.

And did you ever pause to think of the influence of famine on the history of the world? It has caused whole countries to be depopulated, to cross hitherto insurmountable barriers, to forge through forests and mountain passes and to cross the high seas. That is why 175,000 bread seek-

ers landed on our shores in Madison Square, New York, last year, presenting to America the greatest problem ever known—Shall they foreignize America or shall we Americanize the foreigner?

THE HAND OF DEATH.

After they had settled in Moab, there came into the life of Naomi the greatest sorrow that can ever come into the heart of a good woman, and that is to stand by an open grave and see laid forever to rest all that is mortal of him who had been the lover of her youth, when life ran merrily on like a bird song; of him who had been the husband of her bosom; the father of her little children and the iron hand to guide aright her sons.

No more should they walk with their little children through the fields of ripening grain; no more should they walk together down the high-vaulted aisles of ambition; no more should they kneel together at the altars of faith; no more should they sit together on the door-step in the cool of the day when Erebus draws the dusky curtains of the night around, and say, "How great is our love, my beloved." No more, forever, no more.

DEATH COMES AGAIN.

But troubles never come singly. So long as Naomi could look to her strong sons, now grown to manhood, there was hope and comfort. But when death struck them down and she went again to that graveyard to see them buried into cold ground and covered forever from her joyous eyes

and affectionate embrace—her own flesh and blood—the lamp of her hope flickered in the rude blast, and she was prostrate on the sands of Moab as a reed or tender flower before a roaring flood.

How sad that home! Three widows—all bearing a common sorrow—the loss of a husband. This was one case of more than one woman being able to live in the same house at the same time and get along peacefully. And when sorrow has sweetened your life and tendered your heart, you can do it, too.

HOMESICK.

When I was in the university I had a friend who sat on the side of his bed and cried as if his heart would break. He boo-hooed out loud.

I said: "Echblod, what in the world is the matter? Your mother dead?"

"No."

"Somebody bad sick?"

"No."

"Flunked in exams?"

"No."

"Well, what in sand patch is the matter?"

"Oh, Fife, you can understand it, I am homesick."

He moped around three or four days and finally got on the train and went home. He just couldn't stand it.

So it was with Naomi. She wanted to go back to her friends of the better and sweeter days,

though she should ask them to call her Mara—meaning, returning with sorrow.

AT PARTING.

Was there ever a family that did not have its meetings and partings? It seems that my life as an evangelist has been nothing but a series of meetings and partings—most of the time to never meet again in this life.

I see them as they come out on the hill-crest in the morning. I see the golden sunlight streaming down over them onto the grasses in the valley below, where the dew-drops glowed like millions of diamonds. I see them as their faces are veiled in anguish at the thought of parting forever.

I hear Naomi as she pours her heart into those beautiful words quoted as the scripture's lesson at my sister's wedding, beginning "Entreat me not to leave thee." I see Orpah turn back to her heathen gods and her idolatrous people, like many another who is at the hill-crest of decision today, but turns back to the valley of sin—she is forever lost to view. But Ruth went with her mother-in-law back into Bethlehem-Judah and married a farmer.

That was what my mother did and was always proud of it. The curse of today is that people are trying to avoid any manual labor. We are growing weaker and lazier.

ANCESTRESS OF OUR LORD.

They had born in their home a little boy. They gave him what I consider the ugliest name in the

Bible—Obed. But Obed was the father of Jesse, and Jesse the father of David, and through this lineage came our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Had Orpah chosen the better part, she might have been immortal too, but when she turned back her name was never mentioned again. Ruth left all for the better life with the people who worshipped the true and the living God.

And when the names of Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard and Helen Gould shall have long fallen from their monuments and crumbled into dust, the name of this Moabite girl will rise higher and higher and shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

EXPULSIVE POWER OF NEW AFFECTION.

For eight years, Dannecker, the German sculptor, wrought like Gray, who wrote those dolorous lines, "The Elegy in the Country Churchyard," also for eight years, carving out from the cold and silent marble, the face of the Son of God. When he finished and unveiled it, those who looked upon it looked through tears of sympathetic admiration, and said, "How great."

Italy heard of it and sent an embassy to ask him to make a statue of their goddess, Venus. Turning to them he said, with the righteous indignation of his German soul, "Sirs, do you think that after I have looked for eight years upon the face of the Son of God that I can now turn my attention to that of a heathen goddess?"

"I have heard the voice of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside.
I have seen the face of Jesus:
All my soul is satisfied."

Thus the new affection drives out the old. The earlier loves, like boyhood toys and childhood games, give place to the new. Let me ask you a question, fair question? Has the love of Christ and the better things of the kingdom of God expelled from your heart and life the old desires of the world, the flesh and the devil? If not, you are "still in the gall of bitterness" and there can be no room in your unprofitable life for the Christ.

I have often wondered why it was that a beautiful young girl would leave a home of luxury, affluence and perfectly Elysian dreams of rest and peace and go far away into a new and strange community, perhaps to a cattle ranch or a sheep wagon, and there make and keep a home for the young man whom she has married. It may never be to look upon the faces of father and mother again in this life. It is because she loves that man, and love seeks companionship.

And this is the basis of every happy home in the whole world. It soothes the wrinkles of care from the knitted brow; it cools the fevered face; it mends the broken doll and comforts the heart-broken child.

But up jumps a man over here and says: "Mr. Fife, I love the Lord." All right, we will see. Do

one is in need, there are many hands stretched out to aid. I think that I love the folks related to us by marriage about as well as I do my own, and I trust them always. "Thy people shall be my people."

LOVE ENDS RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS.

"Thy God shall be my God." Young man, you think it makes no difference. You belong to one church and sit up and fan. Then you go with your wife to hers and sit up and fan some more. But just wait until some of those little ties begin to come into the home and the question arises as to where Johnnie, Dannie, Mary, Jimmie, Gwendolyn, Theresa, Lucinda, Harrison, Billie and Sam Henry and the others are going to Sunday school. Then there is something doing. If the father has the religion, he gets them. If the mother, she takes them. If both have a little, they are divided or go nowhere, the home is broken and children fall into the ways of the devil.

Before you go too far with the life transaction, you had better agree on your religion. You will be happier and your children will not turn to infidelity and the devil.

At the close of one of our recent union tabernacles campaigns, a beautiful woman who was the wife of one of the ministers, said to my sister Bess: "Oh, Sister Brooks, my husband is a fine preacher and his sermons are simply great. But when I see all the people of all the churches here together, loving one another and working 30

sweetly together, it makes my heart sad to think that we must soon go back to our own little churches where we will miss all this fellowship together." If we do not all get to worship together here, we shall in Heaven, but are not these great tides of union evangelistic effort which bind us together simply for the saving of sinful men foretastes of the great feast in heaven when we shall all sit together as an unbroken family about the feet of God.

LOVE SURE OF ITS OWN CONSTANCY.

Brother, suppose you go home from church to-day and your wife shoots you with a question like this: "Husband, do you love me?" Then suppose you begin to choke and hem and haw and slide your feet and grab for a drink of water and clear your throat and heave a long sigh. Sister, would the sight of that be very full of comfort for you after you had worn your fingers thin over the humble duties of the home?

Then what must God think of you when you are asked about your membership, right off the bat, and when party, right off the bat, and when asked if you are a Christian you look sick and swallow and say, "I hope I am. I once was. I guess so." No song has done more to unsettle faith than that one reading:

"'Tis a point I've longed to know.
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

LOVE TENDER AT THOUGHT OF DEATH.

"Where'er thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." Love grows tender at the thought of death. Ruth wanted to die and be buried with Naomi to show her love for her.

I saw the gravestone of a mother who had grieved her heart out for her husband and died of sorrow because of his infidelity. Her children, by her pure life, were Christians as fine as I ever saw. To influence this poor sinner she had graven on her tomb her dying words to her lost husband—"Meet me in heaven." That old sinner tramples upon that dying wish to this day and his heart as hard as ever. But his sons and daughters think of their dead mother every day and cry and pray for the old cuss. Even death cannot tender some hearts.

How has it been with yours? In our own family there are already three burying grounds. God only knows how many more there will be. They die, are buried here and there and we rush on in the world's work. To the rest of the world they are forgotten.

You rear and cuss and snort at one another in the home and in business with never a tender word. Just wait. All that is needed in many homes and places of business is a first-class funeral. I believe that were it not for the refining fire of trouble this old world would be so rotten that God would have to send down fire from heaven and end the whole bunch.

I know a family that lawed and tore around after the father's death for eight years over the estate that he left until there wasn't enough left to buy a cow and calf. The old mother's hair turned white as snow and she faded under the strain like a flower in a Sahara wind. When she died, all the children came together for the first time in six years and stood around the coffin and "bellered" like calves, and fell on one another's necks and kissed and cried and patted on the shoulders and forgave one another.

I stood there waiting to preach the funeral sermon and thought to myself: "This is the biggest mess of fools I ever saw. Why couldn't they have made that up eight years ago and spared their old mother for a few happy days instead of unending sorrow."

When your heart is hard and you have thoughts of profanity and murder, go to the family Bible and look into the face of that dead father or mother, of the little babe that was your own flesh and blood and now sleeps out yonder in the rain and snow and then ask God to forgive you for being such a simpleton, and ask Him for grace to never do that way again.

LOVE STRONGER WHEN DECLARED.

Ruth's love flowered when it was declared. Long in your heart there has been a flickering flame that has been banked by timidity like ashes we used to throw over the fire in the big fireplace

in my old Kentucky boyhood home. Throw off the ashes. Oxygenate it with the public profession of your faith and it will flame up and become to you a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

A little girl ran to her mama and said: "Mama, I love you with all my heart."

"Yes, honey, I know that you love me, but I am busy. Run along and play."

In a minute, she came again with her little bucket and broom (you know when they are about five years old they like a broom; but after they are fifteen you can't give them one), and said, "Mama, I love you with all my heart."

"Why, yes, child, I know that you love me, but go along and play. I am awfully busy. The preacher is coming tomorrow and I haven't killed the chicken, and this whole house is to sweep and dust. Go along child."

In a little while she came again with little pearly tears in her eyes and said, "Mama, I do love you with all my heart."

As the mother saw this she dropped her broom and took the child in her arms, affectionately kissed and patted her and said, "My child, why do you tell me this a third time that you love me?"

"Oh, mama, it is because that every time that I tell you that I love you, it makes me love you just that much more."

You might believe in Jesus until you are dead, but unless you confess Him before men, the world will never know it and your love will never be

glorified. If you love Jesus, your love is mighty weak and full of yellow streaks or you would walk out like a man and take your stand and settle this for all time to come.

THE OLD STORY THE BEST

love story. Won't you tell us another?" Yes, but it is short and sweet. It is the old, old story of the Christ and His death on the cross that men like best to hear. Philosophy will put people to sleep; mysticism throw dust into the air and blind the vision of the true God; skepticism and destructive criticism will cause men to lose interest and stay at home. But preach the old story of Jesus' love and the doctrines of the sinless Christ and men fall down on their faces before God and cry out: "What must I do to be saved."

"I once heard a sweet story of wonderful love,
And it lifted the cross that I bore.
Made me think of the home and the loved ones
above

I am longing to hear it once more.

"That sweet story of Jesus who died on the tree.
Will be told on eternity's shore;
How He came as a ransom for you and for me,
I am longing to hear it once more.

"I am longing to hear it once more,
That sweet story repeat o'er and o'er
It is rapture divine just to know He is mine,
I am longing to hear it once more.

“Wonderful story of love!

Tell it to me again.

Wonderful story of love!

Wake the immortal strain.

Angels with rapture announce it,

Shepherds in wonder receive it.

Sinner, oh, won't you believe it,

Wonderful story of love!”

CONVERSION.

Text: "Repent ye and be converted that your sins may be blotted out and that seasons of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord."

"The church was started on Pentecost and now the Apostles were preaching at Solomon's porch in Jerusalem. The number of converts amounted to 5,000, and soon became 8,000. Peter preached the same gospel wherever he went. He never trimmed his sails, he but it squarely up to the people, and that is what I am doing to you. It is God or the devil, heaven or hell, which way? Accept Jesus Christ and be saved, or reject Him and be lost. I am determined to know nothing in this meeting but Christ and Him crucified. If our workers, the preachers, and I, do our duty toward the unsaved, and they are still lost, who is to blame? If I show you what conversion is and you discover you are not converted, will you come out on God's side at once? If this is wrong, you must set me right, and if you're wrong, I will set you right.

What is it? Conversion comes from the Latin word "Converto" and it means to turn around. It is the ditching of a pond that would become a loblolly or a quagmire and turning it off down the hill into the river. It is the "right about face"

for the sinner. Here is a man who has been serving the devil. He says "Good bye, boys, I have changed my life. I am going to Jesus Christ." That man is converted.

Conversion is making anew. I asked a grocery-man why he didn't join the church and he said, "Come out back of this store and I'll show you why." He lifted the top off a barrel of spoiled butter and I held my nose. I said, "Man, the health authorities ought to arrest you for keeping stuff like that around here." "Oh," he said, "I send that to the city to the butter refinery and it brings me a certain price for butter oil." He said, "I get this from some of these good women out here in the country who think they're too good to ever commit a sin, and I have to pay the market price or lose their trade." When I went to the city, I saw a butter refinery. They picked up a barrel of butter and dumped it into a big iron kettle. They rendered it to oil and as it boiled they dipped out all kinds of old chips and hair and scraps, and threw them into the fire. Then they shot that oil through ice cold water and it piled up like snowflakes. Then they added fresh cream and a little salt, printed it up in a cake the size of a dollar, made another cake out of No. 1 creamery butter and handed it to me on a dish to sample. It looked and tasted as well as the other and only an expert could have told the difference. And that is what conversion does for an old sinner. Refined by the fire, and washed in

the waters of regeneration with the cream of the sincere word and the salt for savor, it makes a man as good as new.

Conversion is the re-consecration of ransomed powers. It was a big change from Saul the persecutor to Paul the missionary and evangelist. On the up trip he was a persecutor and a killer and on the back trip a saint and bold and able advocate.

Conversion requires a knowledge of right from wrong—a desire to forsake the wrong and do the right. It causes one to take a firm stand on the right side and this commits him before the world. It is to the Christian what the engagement ring is to the young girl who has given her promise to her lover. It sets her apart before the world, and is a sign of love and affection. Faith in Christ is the foundation of conversion, for we walk by faith and not by sight. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world, and without faith was not anything made that was made.

Conversion is based on repentance from sin. In Eureka, Calif., a little boy heard me preach on this subject and he hurried down the saw-dust trail to take his stand for Christ. That night he wrote the following letter: Dear Mr. Green: "Here is five cents for a top I stole in front of your store last spring. A kid spiked it and busted it and I couldn't give the top back so here is the nickel. I joined at the tabernacle last night and couldn't keep this money any longer. I hope

you will forgive me." A man in Falls City, Neb., sent a telegram to a man in Missouri, paying him \$79.80 that he had owed for twenty years, and telling his friend from whom he had taken it that he had joined the church and asked his forgiveness. He got a wonderful telegram back, giving Christian encouragement.

Repentance brings one to publicly confess Christ. Jesus said, "Unless you confess me before men, I will not acknowledge you before my father and the holy angels." Then he would be baptized and go into the church, become a lively member of the same and try to walk as Jesus walked. An old negro in my native southland, put seven coats of white lead and oil and one coat of white enamel on a log house he owned. His boss said, "Sam, why all the white paint." "Oh boss, I gwine be the kind of a nigger what will go with a house like that. My face is black but I wants my soul to be white, and washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The results of conversion. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." A converted man will be chaste in his speech, not profane, not a gossip, not double tongued. One of the first evidences of conversion is the control of the tongue. Wild horse Charlie lived in Lander, Wyoming. He was a wild horse wrangler at the end of the Northwestern Railroad, and those men are rough. He was converted in the Armory at our meeting, went home that night, took out a

luger pistol, laid it on the dresser, and said, "Well, wife, guess I won't need this gun no more." Then he picked up a bucket of slack coal and pitched it into a round oak stove and forgot to open the draft and shake it down. He told me the next morning, "Mr. Fife, that stove blowed its head off, blew the stove pipe down and fire all over the floor. I put that fire back in that stove, put up that hot stove pipe, swept out that soot and aired the house and never said damn once." Considering the wonderful change and the environment under which Wild Horse Charlie had lived, all who know the West will understand how great was the change born in the heart of that man.

Conversion brings temperance and generosity. If you profess to be a Christian and hit the booze, you're not a Christian, you're a sinner. No man can be a Christian, and be a tight wad. "Pappy" Marsh lived in Woodland, California. He attended the meetings and got lots of good out of them. No face in that house would beam so radiantly as Pappy's. One night on the way home, his wife said, "Pappy, what are you going to give Brother Fife for his work in this meeting?" "Oh, about fifty I guess." "Why, Pappy, I'm ashamed of you. We oughtn't think of giving him less than a hundred." The matter dropped and on Sunday morning, a wiry little fellow who belonged to the Methodist Church and sold Buster Brown shoes stepped on the platform to raise

some money. Pappy Marsh got up and said, "This has been the greatest meeting I ever attended. I put in a five dollar gold piece every night and I want to give a hundred for myself and a hundred for my wife and a hundred for my son." Do you think Pappy Marsh would have done that and then given thousands of dollars on the new Methodist Church if he hadn't been soundly converted? When your heart is in the world, your money is in the world, and when your money is in the world, your heart is in the world; but where your treasure is, there will be your heart also. A converted man has regard for the Lord's day. Where there is no respect for the day of rest, no Christian civilization can be maintained.

Charlie Carroll lived in Longmont, Colo. Before he was converted, a fishing, duck shooting, whiskey drinking outfit used to come to his house on Sunday to spend the week end. They would go out on the lakes, full of fish and covered with ducks to cuss and shoot and carouse all day on Sunday. They paid old Charley well for his trouble. But when Charlie joined in our Union meeting there, he wrote that bunch of birds and told them what he had done and never to come on his place again. Now listen, can you imagine his doing that unless he had been soundly converted to God? All we need in this country to restore the sanctity of God's holy day is a few Charley Carrolls in every community.

A converted man becomes a soul winner. A friend of mine bought a brand new \$700 Greener shot gun. It was a beauty. I never saw a finer one. He carried that thing around the town and showed it to all of his friends. Yet if he had been asked to talk Jesus Christ to those same men he would have fainted on the spot. So there are men who will talk an arm off of you if you will talk their language. But let this same man get religion and he will be as still as a mouse; unless we are ashamed of our profession, we should tell it out. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Conversion implies a change of heart. With the heart we feel, think, love, understand, hate, enjoy and obey. A change of heart is a change of one's way of feeling, thinking, loving, understanding, enjoying and obeying from the wrong to do the right. But some of you have had a change of heart from the right to do the wrong, and have decided you won't affiliate with the church any more. You're a gone gosling and no mistake. An old man in Pleasant Hill, Mo., had stayed out of the church until he was nearly ready to die. When asked why he hadn't come in, he said that he never could get the degree of a change of heart that he thought a man should have before he began the Christian life, and added, "But when I heard you say that a change of heart was a change of one's way of thinking, feeling, loving and understanding from the wrong to the right, that was as plain to me as the

noon day sun, and I joined right away. Had this not been explained I would have lived and died out of the church."

A man said to me, "I can't join. I'm waiting for a change of heart." I said to him, "Brother, do you believe in Jesus Christ?" And he said "Yes." Are you sorry for your sins? And would you like to live a Christian life? and join the church, and do right, and he said "Yes." Now I said, "If you had a change of heart from that, you wouldn't believe in Christ and you wouldn't want to join the church and you wouldn't want to live right. So what you need is anything on earth but a change of heart. You need some pep, snap, sand in your craw and some cement in your backbone to walk down this aisle like a man and take your stand for Christ, on the faith that is in your heart. Any man can stand back and shake his head, but it takes a real red-blooded American to walk out and say "By help of God, I will." That man joined the church.

Objections answered. I can't feel right. Feeling is the result of action. Do right, feel right. Do wrong, feel wrong. Good deeds bring happiness. Therefore Jesus said "If any man will do my will, will show him the doctrine whether it be of God or whether he speak of someone else." Another says, "I don't believe in excitement." Listen, my firm conviction is that there never was such excitement in a meeting as that on Pentecost. I would that some would become so excited

that they would suddenly give up sin as one in excitement will drop a basket of eggs or a pail of milk. The biggest excitement that could be produced here tonight would be for some of you old sinners to come down this aisle and take a stand for Christ. It would turn this town up side down and you know it. I went to a baseball game where over 5000 straw hats were thrown into the air and crumpled into breakfast food. I went to the National Democratic and Republican Conventions where the bands played, and men and women marched and the men yelled like crazy men, the women screamed, and they stampeded and cater-wauled for fifty-nine minutes by the watch. And yet some of those same men and women object to a revival because it might produce a little excitement. I cannot understand your logic, when you want all kinds of revivals in business, horse racing, sports, baseball, politics and society, but you want the church to be as dead as an Egyptian mummy and await the arrival of an undertaker forever.

Another says, "I don't believe in sudden conversion." How then will you explain the conversion of Zaccheus of Matthew and the fishermen? Some of the best Christians have accepted the first call. Judge Heles of Richhill, Mo., sat on the bench for twenty five years. His arm was torn off in a cane mill when he was a little boy. He had gone to church with his wife for years and he sang in the tabernacle choir in the revival. It

was July and hot enough to fry eggs on top of your head. When the first call was given, he went as fast as his legs would carry him and was the first man out of nearly one thousand conversions to take his stand for Christ. Do you wonder that 149 of the men followed him at one service?

Another says, "I don't think it is necessary to belong to any church." Would you call yourself a citizen, never having been born or naturalized here? Would you call yourself a soldier and never having been received into the army? Would you call yourself a married man without ever having had the ceremony? Then what kind of logic is it by which you bring yourself to think that you are a Christian outside of Jesus Christ?

Another says, "I'm afraid that I can't stick." Now suppose we have a wedding and one of you preachers goes around in all the flower gardens and says all the pretty things in all the books and out of them about the beauty of the marriage covenant. And when you ask the girl if she takes this man to be her lawfully wedded husband, she answers right up and says "Yes sirree, I come on purpose"; and then you ask *him*, and his knees knock together and he's about to swallow his tongue for fright while he stammers out, "Well, parson, I'd like to, but I'm terrible fraid I can't stick." The only question is, "Are you willing to try?"

In view of the fact that forgiveness of sins,

peace with God, salvation from sin, and eternal life are conditioned on your conversion and that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, what possible hope is there for your salvation outside of Jesus Christ? The Bible is the only book on earth that deals with conversion. It is written for the heart and life and shows you the way. Then why not walk in it? If your loved ones died thanking God that they were sweeping through the gates of glory will not this same hope be a comfort to you in the hour of death which may come Oh, so suddenly?

Mr. Draper is a funeral director in Ontario, Calif. He said that a rich man came from New York and bought a home and an orange grove there and lived in retirement. At Christmas time a young lawyer, soon to graduate from Yale, came to see this man's daughter, who was wonderfully beautiful. When they looked out and saw the snow on old Baldy and Gray Back above Pasadena, they said, "Let's go and climb the mountain and play in the snow." For there they make the boast that one can go from the snow line from a game of snow ball, pick roses on the way to the ocean and jump into the sea for a bath, all in thirty minutes, and coast most all the way—beautiful land of gold and sunshine and flowers. But when they got up there, the young man and his fiance lunched with the father and hurried off up the mountain. They soon began to perspire in the sun and the young man became

deathly sick. His sweetheart called her father and they helped him to the car; down the mountain they hurried to the little home, and the doctors worked on them through the evening. The young man died at a quarter of nine. His sweetheart at eleven, and the father at two. And on examination they found that it was from ptomaine poisoning. In view of the fact that you cannot tell the day or the hour when your home or your entire family may be wiped off the face of the earth, why not come now and make it right, and straighten out the record of the past?

WHY I BELIEVE THE BIBLE

Text: "All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for reproof, rebuke, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete and thoroughly furnished to every good work."

Is there any one here who is an authority on cunieform or heiroglyphical writings? Outside of the preachers present, how many of you think that if you had placed in your hands a copy of the Bible in the original Hebrew and Hellenistic Greek that you could translate it into plain English? I see nobody standing, so we must turn our attention to other sources for light on the inspiration of the Bible. God evidently did not expect the average believer to read his gospel and delve into Greek derivations, and to personally make an examination of tablets excavated in Oriental lands to know if the Bible is true and authentic. Therefore, I take it to be fundamental that God in His love and mercy has laid a sure foundation from some other angle, and that no man may necessarily be in doubt.

You know a man to be honest because of his reputation for truth and veracity. I went a fishing with Mr. Frank Phillips a millionaire banker and oil man from Bartlesville, Okla., I said Broth-

er Frank how is the bank? Oh, he said, we pay 40% dividends. Well how is the oil? Oh, \$3,500 a day income. I almost fell out of the boat into the lake where we were fishing. I said "Brother Frank, how do you loan money at the bank?" "Why, he said, "we loan it on the man. If a man has the reputation for truth and veracity, pays his bills when he says he will and is honest, and energetic, and keeps busy, and is a going concern, and has reasonable health, we will loan him any reasonable amount on his own personal name." And that gave me an idea about how to get at the authenticity of the Bible, and that is, that if we find that it does what it says it will, and when that it has a good name, and is a benefit and an asset to society we can then set it down for a sure thing. That it is ordained of Almighty God. It is therefore false or true by its fruit. Bitter springs bring forth bitter water. Sweet springs sweet water. Thorns grow on thorn trees, and figs don't grow on briar trees. Divine effects come from divine sources and not human.

If the effects of the Bible have been only human and transitory like the books of men, then it must have originated with men. But if the Bible and its influences are divine, then it must have originated in the heart of God. In that event its claims are true, that it was written of God as the men of old were directed by the Holy Spirit.

If on the other hand, we find that its influence has been human and transitory, it must be of hu-

man origin and therefore take its place with other books that are only a commentary and a history of bygone days. But if we cannot relegate it to the realm of back numbers, we must explain why it will not down and why its influence is and has been much over the lives of men. To take the glory from the Bible and give it to education, or to social progress, does not satisfy, for there is no learning nor social progress where the Bible has not gone.

If in the course of this argument you find the Bible to be untrue and without foundation in fact, what hope then will you offer to the millions who now lean on it for help and faith and hope, and what foundation will you offer as a substitute for that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ?

I believe the Bible to be divine, because it is God's history of mankind and the creation of the world. Let me say right here that this whole argument is born of hard questions put to me during my university work by young men who had an excess of sophomoric wisdom. They wanted to know, they just had to know, and I had to answer, and this is given in the hope that it may help others who worried over this like I did.

The Bible gives the only reasonable account of the creation. The theories of creation are harder to believe and require more faith than is required to believe the Bible. I find no conflict directly and with foundation in fact between

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science of the conservative type and the Bible. You may go back as many thousands years as you wish and through all geologic time and drive down your stake and say "Here is where it all began, and I will go back of that, open to Genesis and read "In the beginning, God.

I believe the Bible because it contains the only portrait of the designer of the universe. I conducted services in the South Bend Watch Factory and saw hundreds of people engaged in every part of watch making. Each part was ground to one ten thousandth of an inch in perfection, and when all parts were completed and the watch was put together, it fit perfectly and ran accurately. I saw it tested, frozen in a cake of ice that weighed 200 pounds and put in an oven and heated until it looked like it would melt, but this was to show that the watch was not subject to any ordinary changes by heat or cold. Now suppose I found a watch like the Irishman found one and called it a tickin' bug and stamped it to death under his feet, would I suppose for a moment that such machines grew on trees, or were washed up out of the sea- No sir. Before a single jewel or pinion of that watch was ever made, some man had dreamed it out in his mind and drawn it on India paper in India ink, and a model was made from the drawings of this master mind; so Jesus Christ and God the Father are the designers of this universe.

God made the gills in a fish suited to the water

which is their element. The wings of the eagle are fitted to the air. The eye of the fly which is given to a man would enable him to read easily a newspaper eight blocks away are fitted to the insect of which they are a part. The bill of the humming bird is made long and sharp, to fit the chalice of the little honeysuckle, from which he sips the nectar of the morning, and as the watch, the engine and the star, argue the master mind that made them, so the universe argues the designer who controls the origin of the seasons, the action of the moons, the tides and the heavenly bodies in their celestial harmony.

I walked by the side of the old gray ocean in the golden land of sunshine and flowers in California. I asked a government observatory man if he had any way of telling where the tide would be at a certain hour of the day. He said "Yes sir, I can come within six inches of it on the sandy beach, and it will not vary one half inch unless there is a volcanic disturbance somewhere out under the ocean. And the Bible is the first book to give to mankind scientific light on this subject, and around this fundamental information, revolves all books of all time with a centrifugal tendency.

The Bible alone shows man his true nature and the purpose of God in his creation. It teaches that we are made in the image of God. This country never knew what a patriot was like until it saw Washington, Patrick Henry and Lafayette. So we can only see God through the lives of good

men. If we are made in His image, then we don't look like beasts and brutes, and we have not the cold blood of the brute, nor the flesh of the brute. Nietzsche was logical enough, if logic is all for which you care, when he said, "If we are descendants of brutes, why should it be wrong for us to kill one another? Might is right, therefore why not take the world." And he and his country proceeded to plunge the world into the most destructive war of all times. A little boy stood in the snow and sold papers in front of a shoe store. A rich woman got out of a fashionable car, took the little fellow in, sat him on the shoe bench, bought and put on him new shoes and stockings, and gave him a silver dollar. His eyes bugged out like fried goose-eggs in surprise as he looked up at her and said, "Say miss, aint you God's wife?"

The Bible teaches that the body is the temple of the soul. No other book holds dear this doctrine. And where the Bible is not read, this destruction runs rampant. It is the canker at the heart of this nation. In one year 9000 little unborn babies, or rather that were still born, were poked down into the manholes of the sewers of Paris, France, to be eaten by rats, some of which were as large as possums. No wonder Napoleon cried out in the dark hours of France, and said "Give me mothers, and I will save France. They posted over their graveyard "Death is an eternal sleep." The first ninety days of 1922 the people of New York killed a man a day in cold blooded murder.

In Chicago it was worse. Truly no man any more can well call his life his own.

The Bible shows a man his sins, and the way of escape through Jesus Christ. It diagnoses the nature and consequences, the futility and hopelessness of sin. It is the only book in the world that says like Nathan to David "Thou art the man." The words of Aristotle or Thucydides do not trouble a sinner, but "the words of the Lord trouble the wicked. The Bible only offers the promises of God through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. I believe the Bible again because of its internal testimony.

If the statements of the writers are at variance they are probably untrue. If corroborated, they are undoubtedly true. But with 132 definite prophecies in the old testament, definitely fulfilled in the new, and the statements of each testament running like parallel lines in geometry, which may go on to infinity, or equidistant at all points, and in geometrical progression can never meet, every testimony is established by the mouth of two witnesses.

I believe the Bible again because of its unity. It was written during persecution, when men were thrown into dungeons, fastened in stocks, cut to pieces with knives, killed with bludgeons, thrown to lions and crucified with their heads down. It was written during sixteen hundred years of human history by fifty five different men, who lived both before and after Jesus Christ, and

yet each one on any given point corroborates the testimony of the other. That twelve men would conspire to swear a lie and die with that lie in their mouths with no possible money compensation, is beyond human comprehension.

I believe the Bible again because of its indestructibility. It has been piled in the streets and burned, revised and translated, reviled and ridiculed, laid aside and forgotten, but it remains unscarred, and is today the most published, translated, widely read and generally used book that ever fell from the pen of God or man.

I believe it again because it holds within its pages the priceless prescription for human happiness. The highest paid men in the world are comedians. They make the people laugh. The world demands laughter. It demands it in business in society, in the home, in the ministry and in the church. If I had any change to make in my preaching, I would have greater fun in my sermons, more amusing moments, a merry heart doeth good as a medicine. Song originated with God, infidelity has no song. A carrion bird never sang in the world. His is a coarse and raucus call. The nightingale is God's bird. And so long as a page of this blessed book remains it will be held dear to the hearts of men because it holds within its pages the priceless prescription for human happiness which begins like this "Husbands, love your wives. Wives obey your husbands. Children obey your parents." I believe

the Bible to be divine from another standpoint, and that is

The testimony of unbelievers. Renan said, "Jesus Christ is the world's greatest human." Another said, "Without Him, all is lost." From first to last, they have paid sublime tribute and attributed to Him those qualities which with foundation in fact could only have been the attributes of divinity.

The Bible is the book that makes books. Shakespeare makes 128 direct quotations from or allusions to it in Hamlet alone. In the rest of his works, about 550. John Ruskin said that without the Bible he could not have written his books. Matthew Arnold traces his witchery of style to the reading of the New Testament. Without Genesis, John Milton would never have written "Paradise Lost" and without revelation, no Paradise Regained."

The Bible is the inspiration for immortal art. By art I do not mean low down rotten pictures of Stella, "September Morn," and "Salome." They in themselves are low down and degrading. Such paintings are mere daubs of paint on the canvas, and will soon be forgotten and go like Judas to hell which is their own place. A father sent me to his home to see if I could interest his son and daughter. They received me wonderfully and showed me through the new home. I hadn't been there fifteen minutes until I was ready to go. I went back to the old man's office, and I said

"Brother, I went up to your house and went through your fine new home, and it is wonderful. But I said, if you don't get those rotten, dirty pictures of nude and half dressed women off those walls, and have a bon-fire, you are going to lose your children. That night I saw him burning those pictures out in the back yard and before the meeting was over his family joined the church, and that home became entirely a household of faith. What are the works of immortal art? The face of Jesus by Munckazcy, the works of Rembrandt, of Michael Angelo, of the Sistine Madonna. These can never die, because they have an immortal theme. Before an oration or sermon or piece of music can live, it must have a divine foundation, and that is why "the Hallelujah Chorus" will live to the end of musical time. I believe the Bible for one other reason and that is the work done against it by its critics.

A gentleman went into a blacksmith shop where three generations of the same family had worked at the same anvil. He found a pile of hammers with the handles all rotted out piled up by the side of the shop and learned that all these had been worn out on that same anvil. So the Bible is the anvil and the hammers are the unbelieving knockers. The anvil remains smooth and rings true and the hammers wear themselves out in their contention and are tossed into the wrecks of time.

I believe the Bible once more because no such

divine flow can come from human source. When Columbus passed the mouth of the Orinoco River on his world conquest, he came out on his flagship which today would look like a washing tub by the side of an ocean liner. His mate said to him, "We're passing an island." But old Columbus took off his hat and looked out across the mighty expanse of fresh water that dropped its rich sediment down into the pathless sea and said, "No, this is a world continent, for no such mighty flow could come from an island." So as I stand by the works and results of the Bible I take off my hat and say "This is of God, for no such divine flow could come from a human source."

"Should all the foes which men devise
Attack my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

Oh, the Bible, the Bible. Read it to me when I am a little child at my mother's knee that I may learn to lisp the name of Jesus who blessed the little children. Read it to me when I face the hot temptations of youth, that I may find the restraint and help that should come to me in time of need. Read it to me when I am a man grown, and I choose my calling, and my companion for life, that I may know how to do, upright in my dealings and a kind and faithful husband, providing all things honestly in the sight of God. And when I am a father, read it to me, that I may under-

stand the fatherhood of God, and become an example to my little children, and when I am old and my face is set toward the going down of the sun, read it to me that I may understand and treasure its promises and find life at evening time, and when I am dead, pillow my head upon its promises and place within my hand this precious book that I may cling to its hope and faith in life, in death, through all eternity. Read it to me, oh, read it to me.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

Matt. 27:22. .*“What shall I do then with Jesus who is called the Christ?”*

Jesus Christ is the one character in history who will not down. Though dead hundreds of years, he still commands a place in every legal document, inaugural ceremony and every worthy transaction. You can't buy a square inch of ground and receive or give a legal title that is worth shucks without putting on it Anno Domini—in the year of our Lord. Yet the trial of Jesus was a blot on the Roman law. He was beaten without cause though the law provided protection to the person of a Roman subject. His case was never tried on its merits, Barrabas, a thief and a robber, was offered as a substitute and he was sentenced to death through polical chicanery, that would do justice to the court of a Turk or an Egyptian king, or that of a Soviet in Russia.

What will you do with Jesus in view of the fact that he comes as the fulfillment of prophecy and the only fulfillment? The life of Jesus fits into the prophecy of the old Testament as a rare piece of broken vase fits into the place from which it was chipped.

When I was a little boy down in old Kentucky, Aunt Mary came to our house one day and picked up a little chip of very fine colored glass with gold

specks on it. She took it home to see if it didn't belong in an old vase that she had, that had been broken when she occupied the house where we were then living. I followed her over there and when she put that into the side of the vase, it fit perfectly, as to color, lines of cleavage and all. So I walk up to a wonderful vacancy—a place cut out of the mountain without hands. I put in Aristotle, Plato and Aeschines, and I can't tell where they went. I put in Demosthenes and Cicero and the poets from Homer to John Milton, and I can't see where they went. I put the generals from Hamilcar Barcas and Alexander to the old Napoleon, and I can't see where they went. I put in Haeckle, Hume, Voltaire, Renan, Rousseau, and I can't see where they went. So I come to Jesus Christ, a manger-born Jew, and I fit him into this vacancy in all time and he fits as perfectly as did that piece out of the vase. I see in the Old Testament where it was said of him that "Not a bone of him should be broken." In the new, I see its fulfillment. So I looked through 132 definite prophecies and find 132 fulfillments. So when I take the prophecies of the old and the fulfillments of the new, they fit together like fingers on each hand and like complementary angles in geometry, each supplemental to the other.

What will you do with Jesus, in view of the blessings that he has brought to the world. Jesus is either the son of God or he is the greatest impostor that the world ever saw.

If he is an impostor, how will you explain the blessing that he has brought to the world? How will you explain that God gave him the power to work miracles? I assume that his miracles are true, and shall remain with that assumption and shall live to that conclusion until I find such evidence produced that is more than has been through 1900 years of human history. Jesus makes the definite claim that he is the Son of God and says if "if ye have seen me, ye have seen the Father." It is true that the prophets worked miracles, but Jesus hinged his power on the fact that he was the son of God. How then will you explain his power on earth to forgive sins? And that he could say, "Go Thy way, thy faith had made thee whole."

What will you do with Jesus Christ in view of his power today in the lives of men? The Buddhists, Brahminists, and the Confucianists today recognized that there never was such a teacher as Jesus Christ. Their religions do not center in their leaders or in themselves, as a source of life. They talk ethics. Jesus teaches himself. The blessings of Christianity are accepted all over the world at par value. They are not to be compared in their results with those of any other religion. "Can men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" It is impossible to bring the immortal out of the mortal, except through divine power. The influence of Jesus

Christ is that of a divine personality, and not of a system of ethics.

What will you do with Jesus in view of the fact that this is a universal question. It is a sea that touches all shores of thought. Wherever the limpid waves of a silvery sea wash on the sandy shores, there the influence of Jesus Christ has gone before.

Jesus is the one idea of the Bible. Everything in the Old Testament looks forward to Him. Everything in the New looks back to Him. The church is founded on Him, salvation is dependent upon Him. To accept Christ is to accept all, to reject Christ is to reject all; what then will you do with Jesus who is called Christ?

What will the business man do with Christ? Will he oppress the poor and not pay a saving or a living wage? Will he be afraid of hurting his business by taking a stand on any moral question? The need of the world today is the leadership of level headed business men on moral lines. What will the employee do with Christ? If the way is hard and the mill can't run, will he burn the mill and the home of the employer? Or will he try to reconstruct until times are better?

What will the customer do with Christ? Will he sell honestly to the merchant and pay for his goods bought?

An old lady brought in two big baskets of beeswax in exchange for trade in a Kentucky country

store. On weighing out the merchant found that she had moulded into these cakes, old stove lids and skillet lids. He scraped off the beeswax in a back room, weighed back the old iron, and when she got home and found what he had done, she was so mad she wouldn't go back for three or four months. Now all you sisters who think he did her right, say "Amen." Sisters, that's mighty weak. Have you all been selling beeswax with skillet lids in it?

An old brother was gloriously converted in a big revival. The next morning the town butcher stepped out in front of him at the door of his shop and grabbed him by the hand, and said "Oh John, I'm so glad you joined the church." "Yes, said John, I'm gloriously saved." "Well, said the butcher, the packers are about to eat me up because I don't pay my bill, and John, if you will pay me the \$70.00 you owe me, I can pay them in full." "Oh, said John, my mind's not on earthly things, my mind's on heavenly things." And down the street he went, his long whiskers fanning in the breezes over his shoulder.

When I was a little boy, the wave of sanctification had struck our community in Kentucky. Pa taught school through the week and farmed on the side, and would peddle meat over the community before preaching day. One old brother that was so holy that he could never be tempted any more, owed my daddy \$13.75 for meat, and he never paid a cent of it. Pa tried to get him to give

him a Bible in the road one day, as part payment. No sir, he wouldn't do it; and yet he got up the next Sunday and waved his old billy goat whiskers and told the congregation how that he had never been tempted to commit a sin for over thirteen years. I don't know what the other boys thought as they swung their bare feet from those old wooden benches, but I thought he was a liar, and in twenty-five years, I haven't changed my opinion.

What will people do with Jesus Christ in education? Education is founded on religion. First comes the flag, then the church, then the little red schoolhouse. Will the student run wild at night, and stay away from the meetings, and from church on Sundays, and what will the teacher do? Some teachers take cold feet and go into a cold sweat whenever religion is mentioned. People expect them to be faithful to their religious convictions and stand by their own churches and that's all. No infidel teacher should ever instruct a kid of mine if I knew it. And what will the School Board do with Jesus? Denominationalism and sectarianism have no place in public schools, but the Bible should be read, prayer offered and God honored. Education is more than scholarship. Religion and knowledge of God are more than education.

When nothing could be done and the Continental Congress was deadlocked, that Christian statesman, Benjamin Franklin, arose and said,

"Gentleman, the Bible is the foundation rock on which this republic rests. I therefore, move you sir, that at the opening of each session of this Congress hereafter, a chapter from the word of God shall be read and prayer to the Almighty for his guidance be made. It carried unanimously and since that day, that has been the custom. Are the halls of our Congress any more sacred than our homes and public schools? Is not the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom?

What will the lawyers do with Jesus Christ? There are three professions that enter into the holy of holies in the lives of men and women. The ministry, medicine and the law. No one on earth can go to hell faster than one of these men when he loses his step, and the proper perspective. All law is founded on the Bible. It makes me sick to hear a man say that nothing matters except the statutes of men. Where did we get our law? We got it from England and King John, the days of the Magna Charta, 1215 A. D. Where did they get theirs? They got it from France. France got her law from Rome. Rome got hers from Greece. Greece got hers from the Jews and the Jews got theirs from Moses when God cracked the thunder and lightning over his head with Ten Commandants from Mount Sinai. If a lawyer in taking testimony, pleading or in judgment, has a working knowledge of God's Bible, he is a hard man to head. Nothing but God and his word can keep a lawyer from becoming a thief and an un-

principled scoundrel, a doctor from criminal procedure and a preacher from falling like Michael from heaven.

Daniel Webster once said, "When I was a little boy, my mother daily read with me the word of God. I committed to memory long chapters of it, and now that I am in the United States Senate, I read the entire Old and New Testament through at least once every year."

A remarkably distinguished judge invited me to dinner with him and we sat out on the front porch of his home that looked like a castle on the Rhine. "Brother Fife, he said, what is the best Bible college in the world." I said, "Do you mean a theological cemetery, as the old negro called it?" No, he said, I mean a place where they teach what the Bible says." I told him what I thought and added, "But, judge, you're too old to study for the ministry, your hair is as white as snow now. "Oh," he said, "it's not for me. My son is graduating from Yale this summer and will take up the law. But before he does so, I want him to have a working knowledge and be well grounded in the principles of God's Bible, for if a man has a working knowledge of that, he will win where others fail. I regard it as absolutely indispensable."

What will the politicians do with Jesus? Mary, Queen of Scots feared John Knox' prayers more than the combined armies of other nations. There was a time when men would vote for a yellow dog rather than split a party ticket, and now the par-

tisans are in the air higher than a kite, and political ground shifts like the sands of the sea over night.

What will you do with Jesus in view of the fact that this is a personal question. It is personal to the unbeliever, because it is Jesus Christ or none. It is personal to the backslider because he has committed a grave offense. It is personal to the Christian because he has a program for service that he must reject or accept. It is personal to the gambler because no debt he makes can be collected by law. It is personal to the drunkard who may fill a drunkard's grave. And don't you think for a minute that the fight against strong drink is over. Eternal vigilance is the price of Christian liberty. What will the profane swearer do because he takes the name of the Lord his God in vain? And what will the adulterer do who looks upon a person with that intent? This question admits of but two answers. There is no middle ground. It is to accept Jesus Christ and go to heaven, or to reject Jesus Christ and go to hell. Will you answer like Felix and delay another day? Like Jonah and run away? Like Peter and deny Him to your everlasting regret? Like Nicodemus and secretly acknowledge Him. Like Pilate and sign the warrant for His crucifixion? And when I preach this and you sit there, you're crucifying the son of God afresh and putting Him to an open shame. The gospel is for you and for me, a savor of life unto life and of death unto death.

It lifts you nearer to heaven if you accept and obey it and takes you near to perdition if you refuse, delay or reject it.

Now, in view of the fact that you must settle this some time, that Christ fulfills all prophecy, that Christ has brought blessings untold, that His power lives in the lives of men today, that it is a universal question, a personal question, that it is yes or no, what will you do with Jesus who is called the Christ? It is unavoidable in business, it goes with you in pleasure. It is with you on the sick bed, in prosperity, in trouble, and cries for an answer to the hour of your death. It will rejoice you in heaven and haunt you in hell. You must settle it sometime, why not now? What then will you do with Jesus, who is called the Christ?

Tolstoi had a dream. The angel told him that he should be given all the land that he could encompass in a day's journey, but that he was to be back to the starting point before the setting of the sun that day. On he rushed through the fields and woods, over the hills, up and down the valleys taking no time either to eat or drink, but when he got in sight of the starting point, the sun went down and he had lost all. And there are men and women here tonight running the same foolish race. In view of the fact that nothing matters but Jesus Christ, what then will you do with Jesus who is called the Christ?

EXCUSES.

Text: *And they all with one consent began to make excuse.*

This text teaches that it is disrespectful to refuse Christ's invitation. If I were to receive a wire from the President asking me to come to Washington to confer with him in some matter, I would certainly pull my freight, for if I did not, he would send a Provost guard and yank me across to the White House in a jiffy. So, an invitation is equivalent to a command and you can either obey or take the consequences.

The men in this text were prosperous and going concerns. One was buying some land—and it certainly takes dough to buy land. No shoe-string trade about that. He had to produce the bat hides the mazuma, the long green, the cympling seed, the filthy lucre. Another had bought five yoke of oxen and he had to go and see if old Buck and Bright and Brindle and Cherry and Bally and Berry and all the rest would hump under the yoke when he popped the whip over their backs and said "Gee haw, Buck," and they would go straight and pull. But another said he had married a wife and therefore he couldn't come. I never saw a lick of sense in that statement until one day I read a marginal reference that took me back to

Genesis, where it said that any man upon getting married, was excused from jury service and all public service for one year after his marriage, that he might stay at home and comfort his wife. The Bible always throws light on all commentaries.

But that ought to be changed now, and it should read in many cases, "I have married a husband and he won't let me come." I said this in a tabernacle one night and a good woman came around and shook hands and said, "Oh, I could just have shouted when you said that." And I said, "Well, why didn't you, that's the trouble with so many people in the church now, they're stoical, almost as bad as the Spartan boy who held the fox in his bosom until it killed him." Then she told me how that she had married a man to reform him. That's the craziest thing a woman ever did. It's a hundred to one shot that she'll play a losing game. There isn't a man in the world, no matter how dark his life, and though he may be the father of a half a dozen nameless children who will ever take a girl to reform her. The fact is that if the slightest breath of suspicion is cast on a poor girl, everybody tries to give her a kick and send her home, but if a young man is reputed to be "very wealthy" he has abundant entrance thereafter into the nicest homes where live the loveliest and purest girls of the land. And that thing is devilishly wrong. This two standard business causes more hell and heartache than anything else I know, and know young man

and remember that for all these things, God shall bring thee into judgment.

So everything went well until Sunday morning. She got on her dress and new shoes, came to the back door and told her husband, who stood out under the peach tree, with his infidel daddy. That old daddy had on no top shirt and he wore a piece of rope tied around him for a belt. He had a hunk of Star tobacco in one jaw as big as a hen egg, and squirted tobacco juice both ways like a street sprinkler. He looked like the old devil himself before day and was about as mean. The young man turned to the father and said, "Well, Pa, what had I better do with her?" The old man said, "Now is the time to set your foot down hard." Boys, that's a fine thing for a young husband to do—to run to his people and ask how to manage his wife. The love out of his heart should have forbidden a thing like that, and there is only one thing worse than that, and that is for a girl to have no mind of her own, to have to run like Herodias to her mother to ask for the head of some John the Baptist. So he went into the house and talked big and rough cave-man stuff—and said, "You get them clothes off, and get me a hot dinner." Well, Brother Fife, he scared me to death, and for seventeen years I never darkened my church. But one day he got killed in a saloon and was buried from the church with big pomp on a Wednesday afternoon, and that very night I had my seven kids washed and

dressed and was down there waiting for the janitor to unlock the door, and since that time I've never missed a meeting. I am making up for lost time."

Some folks think that when they get married, they're excused from all obligations to God and the church. When I was a circuit rider in the country, we had an organist who never saw the day she weighed a hundred pounds, but she could play more close harmony, pump faster and get more music out of a little cabinet organ, pushed back in the corner of the church, than any other woman I ever saw. For five weeks I missed her and wondered what could have gone with her. One day I saw her coming down the street over at the county seat, and I said, "Well, Miss Jennie, what in the world has become of you, and where have you been?" Oh, she said, why Brother Fife, haven't you heard that I was married?" as if her getting married excused her from all obligation to God and the church. Say Sister, that's when you need God. You had better have a happy wedding day and make much of it, for you may never have another happy one. When people get married and begin to raise their families, that's when they need the Lord, and I'm telling you the truth. Yes'm.

When I was a boy down in old Kentucky, Pa went to Etown one day and brought back for Ma a brand new coffee mill, with a pewter spout and a crank on top, and it had a little box about the

size of a cake of honey in the bottom for the ground coffee. But we kids made breakfast food out of that the first time we got it down. When Ma would get the fire going and made out of corn cobs and hickory bark, the sweetest fire in the world, she would get a cup of old-fashioned Arbuckle's coffee, the kind that we used to save the signatures of, and send off to get a paring knife for Ma or an air gun for us boys to shoot at the neighbors' window lights or at some old brother setting out onions. And Ma would take that coffee, put it into the mill and as she would turn the crank and grind it out, she'd sing some old-time song like, "How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see. Sweet fields and sweet prospects, sweet flowers have lost all their sweetness to me." And when she got it done, she'd take that coffee and put it into an old-fashioned tin coffee pot, the kind that would hold some coffee. That was before we had those little old matriculators that would go poof and blow the head off when it would get hot. Then she would take a perfectly good egg, break it, and throw the whole business, shell and all, right into that perfectly good coffee. Then she'd take up the biscuits and old-fashioned Kentucky ham and red gravy, and sing out with her sweet voice, "Breakfast is ready, tell your pappy to come on." And all five of us kids would make a center rush to see who could get there first, and you bet we were ready for it—always ready. Never did get full.

But now, I have often thought that I'd make me up an old coffee mill song out of some of the excuses that I've heard for twenty years as a preacher's son and an evangelist, and in that time I never heard a brand new one except one, and that was from a lady-in-waiting (not an old maid) she was just an unclaimed blessing, a peach off the top-most limb that nobody had ever been able to reach. And her excuse was that a certain preacher in town had been seen mowing his lawn on a terrifically hot July evening, with his top shirt off, and her modesty was forever shocked. But I would make me up a song to read like this, "Well, preacher, you see, I "don't know how long I'm going to stay here"; "I belong to such and such a lodge and that will save me," and "there are hypocrites in the church," and "somebody in the church that did me dirt," and "I can't ever forgive anybody" and "I can't pay my part," and "nobody has invited me," and well, well, well, and go tell Aunt Rhody, the old gray goose is dead from the same old tune that the cow died on. If that wouldn't drive any preacher crazy to listen to that over and again again for twenty years, I'd like to know what would?

Now I'm going to answer your excuses, one, two, three. And I want you to bear in mind the statement often quoted, that "all excuses are lies." There is a difference between an excuse and a reason. A reason must have foundation in fact,

but an excuse is usually nothing but a sham and a pretense.

"There are too many hypocrites in the church." An old sister said this to a minister one time and he took her by the hand and said, "Step right in, for there's always room for just one more." And in a night or two she joined. In a Missouri river town, a half drunk man wanted to sell the hotel keeper a carload of bull frog legs. The hotel man said, "Why, you're crazy and drunk, get out of my hotel!" But he finally got the man to say that he would take a wagon box full, iced and dressed. But when he went home to kill his frogs, and rolled up his breeches and waded all day in the swamps, he couldn't find but two, and when his wife asked him about it, he said, "Well, old woman, when I heered those frogs beller, I was sure there was at least a million of them, but when I catched them, there wasn't but two that was making all that fuss. So it is with hypocrites in the church.

A sheep man in Wyoming took me one morning to see his flock. I never saw as many sheep in the world in one place—nine thousand in a band; but I said, "What you are doing with those black ones in there?" "Oh," he said, "they are our 'markers.' You see we put one black one in with every hundred white ones and when we count them, we just multiply the black ones by a hundred and we know exactly how many sheep we have; and when a wolf kills one, we take a sheep out of another

band, or from the fold up at the sheep wagon, and even up the band again." So people in the world look over the one hundred white sheep and feast their eyes forever on the one black one.

When you come into the church and become a Christian you won't forever be looking for some justification for your sin and neglect. Some sinners remind me of a quail that became excited when we were hunting and stuck his head under a corn shuck. But he overlooked the fact that his entire body was exposed, so I reached down in front of the dog's nose and picked him up alive and unhurt.

The next excuse is, "I don't know how long I'm going to stay here." Do any of you preachers of any of these churches know how long you're going to stay?" If you do, you're the first I ever saw. And neither do I, but one thing dead sure, while I am here I'm going to count 100% for Jesus Christ, and let the world know it. I went to the home of an old woman in Indiana to ask her to put her fellowship in the church of her choice and go to work, and she gave me this excuse. "Well, I said, how long have you been here?" Oh, she said, I've been here twenty-eight years. I just come to visit my son-in-law, and I may be goin' any time!" Oh, brother, suppose when you get home tonight from this meeting, there sets your mother-in-law, and she don't know how long she's going to stay and you may

be in for a twenty-eight years' siege. Say boys, wouldn't that spoil the day for you?

Right here, let me speak a good word in behalf of our mothers-in-law. Some of them are in-law, and some of them are out-laws. But listen, I'll tell, you what they'll do. Do you remember brother, when you didn't have the money to fit up a hen house, or a stable for your wife to live in, and you lived with that long-suffering woman until you had three to six children, and do you remember when your wife was sick and helpless, how that good woman took care of your little children and mothered them and waited on your wife, and do you remember when Mary didn't have a dress fit to wear to a dog-fight and her mother gave her one of hers, and did without herself? And in that time when everybody was going out on Decoration Day and Fourth of July and there was room for everybody but one, and they left her mother behind to take care of the sick baby; and do you remember how that your wife couldn't play "Old Aunt Rhody" on the piano and couldn't cook worth sour apples, nor boil water without scorching it, nor turn a flap-jack without spilling the batter on the ceiling, and couldn't make enough clothes to keep herself or her babies from nakedness, and how this much maligned mother-in-law stepped into the breech or the breeches and brought order out of chaos? Now suppose you treat her better and get her some flowers once in a while and some candy, be-

cause she'll take petting like a kitten and do anything in the world to help you along.

Another reason often given is this. I belong to such and such a lodge, and if I live up to the rules of that order I will be all right. Now brother, I belong to some of the oldest and best, have been across the hot sand, held the rope, and could know a brother and fellow in the dark as well as in the light. I have been at the burial of the dead, installation of officers, the raising of men to sublime degrees. But to this day I have never heard it hinted that any man who would live up to the rules should have abundant entrance into the Kingdom of our God. It just isn't there, and when you claim for it, what it does not care to claim for itself, you do all concerned an injustice.

"I can't pay my part," said a man to me, who was poor. I said, "John, do you think that your part is as much as that of Mr. Railey, the banker?" Oh no. Well, is it as much as that of Mr. Thorpe, the short-horn cattle man? Oh no. Well, should you give as much as Mr. Hardesty, who sells mules to the British Government? Oh no. Well then, John, hadn't you better come in and join the church and pay what you can? If you join a lodge you pay what they tell you or stay out. But the church makes no such requirement. God asks a tenth of your income and a seventh of your time as a minimum, and when you're converted, you'll give it, and if you don't make it, you don't owe it. So come right on it, John. And

John did. And now he's a cracker-jack contractor and well to do man.

Another excuse is this. "Somebody in the church did me dirt." I pressed a man who gave this excuse to know who it was and what was the wrong done, and all about it, and after much evasion he finally admitted that the party concerned had been dead over nine years. Can you beat it? I say, can you beat it?

Another excuse is this, "I don't know all about the Bible." If this were the criterion and the condition of entrance into the Kingdom, 110,000-000 people in the United States today would be bound for hell, as sure as they have two eyes and a shot-gun is made of iron. I have personally known some men of whom it has been said that if the New Testament were destroyed, they could come as near reproducing it in the original tongue as it is possible for humanity to remember, and yet they were very humble, and exceedingly modest in their estimate of what they knew about the Bible. I have come to this conclusion, and this is, that no man can fully understand any line of business profession or any book and especially the Bible. I have studied it all my life, and have come to this conclusion with foundation in fact, and that is, that all I know is that Jesus Christ died to save a poor sinner like me and that when I love Him better than I love the world and the devil, I will give Him my heart, life, love and

service, and will obey His commandments and trust Him for his promises.

The saddest excuse of all was given by a young man whose mother was dead, and that was this. "No one has ever invited me." I think that the curse of the church today is that men and women refuse to do any personal work, and that not one out of a thousand who has his name on the church book, ever feels it his duty and has it on his heart to personally win another soul for Jesus Christ. So I told the young man that if no one else had invited him, that every time that he heard a church bell ring, heard a Christian song, read the Bible, or heard a prayer, or felt the spirit of God call him to a better life, that he had been called of God, if not of man, and that he had the invitation now and to come right on in. He did so and was a happy man.

Down in old Kentucky, a friend of mine came by one morning in old Madisonville, and said, "Won't you get in with me, and let's drive this horse out in the country?" I said, "Sure." And as he went along he told me why he went, and said, "My mother died when I was a little boy. I was alone in the world, and hired out on the farm for my board and clothes. The days were mighty dark and dreary and I had nobody to love me, but when I went to church there was an old lady by the name of Aunt Mary, who would always come around and speak to me and shake hands, and talk kindly to me, and say, "My, Eddie, how you've

grewed!" One day a revival came, and I went forward and gave my heart to God. Aunt Mary came around and put her arms around me, and she said, "Eddie, this is the happiest day of my life. I knowed your Mommie and she and I were friends. We grewed up together and got married the same Christmas. I was there when you was born and washed and dressed you and gave you to your ma, and I was there when she died, and promised her I would always be kind to you, and I'm so proud of you and want you to know that my prayers, like your mother's prayers, will follow you the whole world through." The years went by and Aunt Mary died. She was the best friend I had in the world and now she's been dead for nearly twenty years. And all through the summer it's never too hot, nor too rainy, nor too dry, for me to come out here and mow the grass on this little grave, cover it with sweet flowers, and water them with my tears in memory of the one who was the best friend a poor little motherless boy ever had, and because she spoke to me kindly.

So whatever your excuse, and whatever may come or go, you are still in the hands of God, and in view of the fact that you cannot predict the day of youth death, and that no man knows the day nor the hour, and that you would certainly never dream of offering one of these excuses to the loving heavenly Father at Judgment, hadn't you better come on out on the side of Christ tonight?

THAT GOOD CONFESSION.

Text: Romans 10:9. *"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord and believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."*

The fundamental reason why thousands of men refuse to take any public stand for Christ is in the fact that they simply do not believe that it is necessary. Therefore, what could be more fundamentally necessary than an adequate argument on this point? And if in the course of this argument, I show you definitely and conclusively why you should take this public stand for Christ before men, will you do it? And if not, will you show me the holes in this argument? I can't afford as a public man to hand out anything without foundation and fact. Therefore, you are going to convert me and lift me out of this pulpit or I'm going to convert you and land you in the kingdom. So here goes.

Jesus had been dead only thirty years and Paul was writing mightily that men should confess His name. The greatest privilege ever accorded of God to man, was that of publicly confessing Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. It's origin is divine and any command of God is divine and must be obeyed. The good confession is the warp and

woof of the New Testament. I read, "Except you confess me before men, I will not confess you before my Father and the holy angels." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, Jesus as Lord and believe in thine heart that God had raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "There were many in the Sanhedrim who believed on him but would not confess him for fear of the Jews. Paul reminds Timothy of the good confession that he made before many witnesses. If God would not save those men without public confession before men, how then can you expect that he will step over his rule of nineteen hundred years and make an exception in your particular case? The fact is that the good confession is linked with the great fundamental truth on which the Christian religion is based. Its necessity is both expressed and implied.

What is the good confession? In the first place it is a public acknowledgment of one's faith in the fundamental truth of Christianity. If you were born a citizen of the United States, and had never left this native land, you would still be a citizen, but when you go away, and become a citizen of another country, you must come back and acknowledge the flag, and your allegiance to this native land. So confessing Christ is coming back from sin and neglect to live the wasted life anew, and to the protection of the banner and saving power of the blood of Jesus. As it is impossible to get back into citizenship without the oath of

allegiance, so it is impossible to get in to Christ without confessing faith in His divinity and saving power. As the principal of free government is the foundation truth of this nation, so profound conviction and faith in the resurrection of Christ is the basic truth of the Christian religion. It is the crystallization of conviction after instruction in fundamental truths. Then the will gets busy. Nothing is so trying to patience as cream that will not churn, cake that will not rise, bread that is soggy, fruit juice that will not turn to jelly, sap that will not become syrup, or a man well taught who will not confess Christ.

The good confession is giving assent to the doctrines vital to Christianity. Holding to or repudiating the philosophies of Aristotle, Plato, Zeno, the Stoics, Harnack or Renan, or to the single tax of Henry George, will not necessarily make a good man. In some cases, it may not make a very bad man. Because these doctrines are not vital to Christianity. But as your arm, eye, or head are vital to your body, so is this confession of Christ vital to improvement in character and hope.

It is a preparation for the consecration of all ransomed powers to help redeem the world. As the sinner, backslider or hypocrite in or out of the church, you are cut off from all vital Christian work. You are an automobile with no carburetor, an axe with no handle, a gun with no ammunition, a watch with no mainspring. This is the reason that so many are powerless to help

save others. Their lives are so crippled or rotten that they are out of the game. To come up and give me your hand without serious purpose, would avail nothing and be mockery. But to do so in earnest is of eternal value to your soul.

The good confession is the beginning of a continuous duty, else we give the lie to the first stand that we took. It is unto salvation, not simply a duty for one occasion. It is a part of a workout. "Work out your own salvation" was for those who had confessed and been saved. Though saved tonight, if you deny Christ tomorrow, you may be lost again. It is not like Baptism, a church ordinance, performed once for all, but a duty and privilege. It is a perpetual duty and privilege. There are no season tickets to show at the gate of heaven. Some men think that confessing Christ is like vaccination. If it takes once, it lasts forever. One in early life may do something right or wrong that will stay with him forever, but confessing Christ is the way by which he continually renews his pledge and manhood. For this reason we have a lot of backsliding church members who look like a bunch of tramps. They need a shave, a hair cut, a bath, new clothes, and their feet reshod with the preparation of the gospel.

Confessing Christ empowers one to rebuke sin. An old preacher in London rode in a carriage to the station. He said to a loud talking man in the cab, "My brother, you're a betting man, aren't you?" "Yes," said the gambler. "Well," said the

preacher, "have you any little children?" The man's eyes filled with tears as he replied, "Ah, I have as bonnie a lad as you would ever hope to see." "Well," said the preacher, "would you like for your boy to go the route you have gone?" "No," he said, "I would rather take him to an honorable grave." "Then," said the old man, "don't you think it is as little as you can do to set a Christian example before that boy?" When they got out of the cab the gambler said to the old preacher, "Thanks, parson, you changed my life. No man ever spoke to me that way before."

A mother told an evangelist, "I'd be willing to die for that boy." Then said the preacher, don't you think that you should be willing to live for him?

How to make the good confession. It must be before God and men. This is in contrast to bowing to idols. It shows the stand which men take before the world. A railroad ticket agent said to me, "I confess Jesus to myself." I bought a ticket for fifty cents and when he handed me the ticket, I picked up my half dollar and the ticket too and turned away." I told him when he called me back that I had paid him for the ticket, but I just paid it "to myself." He saw the point and laughed. He came out before the world to confess this faith in Christ that night. The good confession is to be made orally with the mouth and when God gets our mouths, he gets the biggest part of most of us. It must be done, trusting God for forgiveness.

“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us. If you will not or have not made this public confession of faith, by what power do you hope to be saved? Jesus is the only Saviour. If you will not have Him as your Saviour, to whom will you go for salvation? Since Jesus has the power to save, He has the right to say how it shall be done. What other course is there left open? We are beggars on the bounty of God and beggars must not be choosers.

Why some deny Him. Some men deny Christ for business reasons. I had a friend who had a grocery store with one bottle of Heinz' catsup on one shelf, a can of sardines on the other side, and a box of ant-eaten crackers on the counter, and a whale of a whiskey jug trade going on out in the back end. I said, “John, you ought to do better than this. Your mother was a good Christian woman, and you once were a faithful member of the church. Don't you know you are going to hell for selling whiskey to all these negroes, greasers and poor white trash?” “Yes.” But he said, “I'm making a bushel of money, and can't stop now. My family is too expensive.” I lived to see that man lose his home and to see every boy and every girl he had go to the devil, and I saw my old-time friend come down in gray hair and sorrow as dark as the grave. But it was too late then. The time to change is before the horse is gone and the milk is spilled.

Some men refuse to confess Christ because of

cherished sins, which forfeit the promised blessings. My sister Bess went to a home to ask a young mother to give up her wayward life, join the church and give her attention to her little baby girl. She sat there, chewed gum, and made all the sport in the world of the kind offer. The pastor of one of the churches wrote us two weeks after the tabernacle meetings were over and said, "She froze to death with a man while both were drunk out in the snow behind the club house, and we buried her beside her baby in a Christless grave."

Some are too timid to confess Christ. An old man had risen and left the church for over forty years, as soon as an invitation hymn was started. Finally he said to his son, "Jimmy, when the preacher gives the call tonight, and I start for the door, you head me off, for if you don't I'm gong to die without God. I have lost all my power to go down that aisle." But when his son stopped him it broke the spell and he went, and was saved.

A party from the French and British Consulate, stopped one day by the River Jordan. As the servants spread the white cloths on the ground and prepared the spread, an infidel in the party began to revile bitterly the name of Jesus, and John the Baptist, who had once preached there. The head of the British Consulate called for his carriage and when asked why he was going, he said, "Gentlemen, I am still a Christian, and no one can talk about my Saviour and revile the name of my God without my protest. So I bid

you good day." And he drove away. Now how many of you old "bench warmers" down there would have done what he did? There is many a man in hell tonight who is the victim of timidity. If you can't "make the ruffle," you need some cement in your back bone. Anybody can stand back there when this call is given, but it takes a real man to stand up for Jesus at all times.

Some are afraid of ridicule. When Champ Clark came to Eureka, Cal., I wired him in advance to preach in my Union Tabernacle. On the platform that night, sat sixty-eight saloon keepers and bartenders. That was Champ's opportunity to take water and bow the knee to Baal. But when he came on the platform my brother led the choir where all the women were dressed in white and the men had on black coats. Thousands of small flags had been distributed to be waved as he came in. But when Champ arrived, he gave the grandest defense of God and the Bible that you ever heard from a speaker of the House.

A young sailor lad was converted in a Y. M. C. A. in Philadelphia. He brought to the director a card, and asked him to print on it, "I love Jesus, do you?" The young man nailed this over his bunk and went out to sea on a boat that had on it only one Christian man, and that was the man that slept in that bunk.

Who should confess Him? The penitent sinner. This is the only kind of a sinner that is fit. "If we regard iniquity in our hearts, God will not

hear us." The non-resident church member should confess him. Our churches are losing more members by spiritual than by physical death. Some have given up all hope of ever trying again. They are the hardest in the world to reach, the last to ever join in a meeting. The pastors wear out shoe leather and burn gasoline by the carload, and they sit like ducks listening to thunder, absolutely unmoved. The harlots and the drunkards go into the church before them. Perhaps you could succeed this time under more favorable circumstances. No man in a saloon or gambling house or on a bridge gang has so good a chance as one in other walks of life to live a Christian.

Why confess Him? Because Christ commands it. "Wherever I have recorded my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee." Claim it. You should do this for the sake of your influence. For the sake of children born and unborn and your companions present and future. No man liveth unto himself or dieth unto himself. There are men here tonight who, if they would take a stand for Christ before this audience, would lead twenty-five other prominent men to Christ in the next two weeks. One man brings another, as a magnet draws tacks.

A young lawyer was clearing up his desk to start home. He was phoning to his wife to ask if he should bring anything. He couldn't get her. In walked a friend and invited him to the

tabernacle. "Nothing doing," he said. "I don't go to hear such fellows." "All right," he said, "you'll never know what you missed." They talked on, and finally started for the tabernacle. When the sermon was over, this young lawyer who had been pounded on by preachers until his heart was as hard as a ball bearing and as slick as a buck shot, went down the aisle and gave his heart to God. His wife met him at the door when he came home and he said, "Oh, wife, I joined the church." "Sh! there are some visitors in the parlor, lawyer friends of yours. Come into the kitchen and let's pray." "No sir," he said, "I never took my Jesus to the kitchen yet and I won't start now." He blustered into the parlor, told his lawyer friends what he had done, and got their promise to go with him and do the same thing the next night. Would you have done that?

There is no hope of heaven without it. Since this is a command of God, how can you be saved and disobey this plain command? Now is the time to confess Him, while you can enjoy your religion, while you have the opportunity, while you have influence. If you have neglected Christ for thirty years, that thirty years has gone forever. Just that much out of your life.

Now in view of the fact that this command is divine, that no other choice is given, that the warnings are set forth for neglecting to confess him, or for refusing to do so, how shall you escape if you neglect so great a sal-

vation? Will a better time be afforded? This city never saw such an opportunity and may not again, for a meeting like this has come to this city only once in a generation. What will you gain by waiting? Nothing. Maybe lose your soul forever. When Polycarp was dying, they gave him the choice of renouncing his faith and living, or keeping it and dying at the stake. He said, "Four score and seven years have I served my God and He has never forsaken me; shall I deny Him now? Never." They burned him at the stake and he went down into dust—that dust that has been the soil from which has grown the very flowers of Christian liberty, such as you and I now enjoy, and so little understand.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Text: 1 Thess. 4:17-18. *"Then we that are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words."*

No subject is more interesting to the world to-day than that of the second coming of Jesus Christ. Upon it the eternities hang. Nothing is entirely worth the while that does not carry with it the eternities of God. "From this hour forth said David Livingston, I shall measure all possible action on my part only in relation to its value in extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ." And yet there is no subject upon which more foolishness has been preached.

Over in old Illinois in about the year 1847, there was a bunch of folks who set the day for the coming of the Lord at or about the 12th day of July. They never reaped anything, never planted nor sowed. They bedecked themselves with wings like Darius Green's flying machine. They got up on top of the highest hills, barns and haystacks, in the tops of trees. One old brother got up on top of a big straw pile. As the sun beamed down hot and he grew tired of waiting, he fell dead asleep. Some of the neighbor boys plow-

ing in a nearby field, set the old straw pile afire in four or five places. As the smoke and flame rolled up around the old brother, he jumped up and slapped his hands, popped his heels together and shouted, "That's it, Jesus has come, and I've landed in hell, just as I expected." A month went by, and a year, and they said they had missed the time and had to set some other day. How foolish it all was, and how they suffered that winter and had to have state aid or they would have starved to death. So if Jesus Christ does not set the time, and He says that no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh, then by what process or revelation can you bring yourself to figure out just when it's going to be and to set any certain day. The point of the whole business is the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death and the hopelessness of the unprepared, and the safety in Jesus Christ.

There have been some great revivals, meetings and conventions held in this old world. That was a great one when Moses led his people across the Red Sea. When Moses got the commandments on Mt. Sinai. When God sent the fire at Mount Carmel. When David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. When John preached at the Jordan in the wilderness. When Solomon dedicated that wonderful temple, erected to God and dedicated to the Holy Saints John. It was great when Jesus fed the five thousand; on Pentecost when three thousand were converted; when Wesley saved

England from a French Revolution, when Whitfield, Moody, Chapman, Torrey and my friend Bill Sunday, preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. But the gathering of the hosts, the music of the spirit of the second coming of our Lord, will be the greatest occasion of all time.

Baptism is mentioned in the New Testament thirty-seven times and prayer seventy-eight times, but Paul mentions baptism thirteen times and the "second coming" fifty times. But the second coming of Jesus Christ is mentioned in the Bible a total of three hundred and eighty-five times. The Bible is the only antidote for "speculative poison." Quinine is not a surer specific for chills than the Bible is for the erroneous teachings of men. The best way to overcome abuses of the Bible is to preach the truth.

But how is Christ to come? Not through ethical culture. I am strong for education, but not for it as a substitute for obedience to God's command. You might cultivate a piece of ground until it is as fine as the powder that a woman puts on her nose. But unless you put seed in the ground and give it water, light and air, you will never reap a harvest. So the field is the world and the seed is the word of God. Nor is Jesus to come through morality. This leaves out all the saving power—the blood of Jesus Christ. Nor is Jesus to come through the Millennium. Jesus says, "My gospel shall be preached among all the nations, and then shall the end come." Christ's

coming will usher in the millennium and not the millennium usher in Jesus Christ.

When Jesus comes, He will claim His own. Oh, I don't want to be left behind with a bunch of high jackers, cut throats, thieves, liars, gossipers, slanderers, gamblers, adulterers, infidels. When Jesus has taken the good people all out of this world and claimed them for His own, the old devil will be chained in the pit for a thousand years. The earth shall be refined and purified as by fire. If you read your Bible as it is and not by guess work or proxy, you will see this as it is stated. So long as this doctrine is in my Bible I expect to preach it along with all the rest.

The second coming of Jesus Christ will not be figurative. Was Jesus first coming figurative? His miracles, commands, His feeding of the five thousand, His crucifixion, death, burial, resurrection and ascension figurative? Then why argue that His second coming will be figurative?

Christ may come at any time. All signs that He said should precede His coming are being fulfilled. One of the first of these was "There shall be wars and rumors of wars." After the world has been sowed down in tears and blood and ashes at the cost of millions of lives and billions of property, setting back civilization for another generation, and plunging the world into the greatest debt on the pages of history, we now face a divided world with wars in many lands. Some armies of over a million are being kept in fighting

trim. Brother against brother, sister against sister, neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend, with a spirit of "dog eat dog," everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

False Prophets Shall Arise. John Alexander Dowie, Joseph Smith, Pastor Russell, Mrs. Baker Glover Eddy. Jesus said, "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets who shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect." He adds, "For as the lightning cometh from the east and shineth to the west, so shall the coming of the Son of man be."

Brother, Jesus will not wait to collect five dollars apiece from each of you, telling you how to understand the Bible. He will not have something to sell, to tell you how to understand something translated from Urim and Thummim from some plates. It is for you to read the Bible and turn to God now, for unless you can outrun greased lightning, it will be no use to try to run then. You will have to beat it up to 196,000 miles per second to outrun God. So just get ready now. It is miserable to always be on the dodge.

I believe that Jesus is soon to come because of the attempted rebuilding of King Solomon's temple. Money, cedar, marble, and gold are being collected for the erection of this marvelous structure erected to God and dedicated to the Holy Saints John. Men who have been over rugged roads, over hot sands, and who are princes of

Jerusalem, are busily engaged in this task now. This work will not require forty-six years but with modern machinery, it will go up like Jonah's gourd vine over night.

I believe He is soon to come again because of the political unrest. When, if ever, was the world so confused? Wars, strikes, political parties torn asunder and shifting like the sands of the sea.

Again, I believe He is to come because of the world concentration of wealth. It is said that twelve men control tonight the wealth of the world. Everybody bows at their feet. They control the world's supply of cotton, wool, sugar, hemp, cattle, flax, oats, wheat, corn, gold, diamonds, machinery, automobiles and paper. You don't eat a mouthful of sugar or wear a thread of silk without you pay your little part that goes to them. Oh, somebody says, "I don't believe in that." Yes, we have a lot of fellows who spend their lives in jealous hatred. Thank God I never wore any enamel off my teeth because somebody else had better things than I had. If anybody can shoot straighter with a pistol, play a fiddle, swim, preach, run a foot race, make money, build houses, write books, or do anything else faster or better than I can, I take off my hat and say, "Here's to you. I'm for you heart and soul." All those fellows pay a price to get where they are, and if you will pay the same price, you'll get what they have. So why worry?

I believe that He is coming again because of a

world-wide expectancy. Millions of people in all lines believe that he will come in the immediate future and are preparing for it. If I were not ready to go I would be distressed to death, but have obeyed every known command of my God and my only care is for others that they may be prepared.

Jesus said that famines and earthquakes should precede His coming, and this is true. San Francisco was shaken down and then burned up. Mount Pelee, the destruction of Galveston by a tidal wave, famines in India following the outbreak of the war. Look at the Island of Martinique, 50,000 souls destroyed in seven minutes. Not a soul got out. Jesus said these things would happen.

Jesus said, "My gospel shall be preached for a witness of me in all nations. Not that all should believe it, but that it should be preached;" and that's what I'm doing here—preaching it. Therefore it is up to you to do what you will with it. God never said that all would be saved, but He did say that it should be preached to all. If you can find a nation on the face of the earth tonight where a missionary can row in a boat, go over a mountain, or cut his way with a machetta through the trackless forest where the gospel has not been carried, and the story of Jesus told, I will concede the point.

But oh, what if Jesus should be waiting here tonight—just outside this door, to come and claim

his own. Would you refuse Him then? When Jesus comes, if you're on top of the house, don't try to come down. Don't try to move any furniture. If sick, stay in your bed. If at the table, sit still. Do not send for the children at school; do not send for the preacher to join the church or make it right with God. It will be too late. Say, if Jesus were coming tonight, what changes would you want to make right quick? Brother, would you call up some old floozie and cancel the date? Would you give back some money you stole or made in a crooked deal? Would you hurry a telegram to some country church to send you a letter of membership? Would you go to some poor girl and try to square up something that happened in the long years that are gone, and broke her life or laid her under the sod? This will all come up, and at judgment it will all be brought to you. "Know that for these things, oh man, God shall bring thee into judgment."

Everything is still. The clouds and darkness come. Lightning zigzags down the sky. The thunder cracks, the wind blows a gale, chickens go to roost, the dogs run under the house, rain and hail falls, and teams become unmanageable. The earth quakes, more lightning, vapors of smoke, the moon turns to blood, the graves are opened, the dead walk forth in ghostly form, the light breaks, men swear, the women scream and little children cry, the air is full of debris, Gabriel's band of angels come in the clouds, and more angels. The

people of God arise with a shout and the trumpet of God sounds. The music breaks forth, the hallelujah chorus, the saints shout victory. They sweep up the river of time and gather around the throne. Jesus is seated on the right hand of God. The river of life flows down from the throne like a silver ribbon. The green bay trees clap their hands, the martyrs rise, the angels shout and sing "Holy, Holy, Holy," and cast down a million golden crowns at the feet of Jesus and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb and rest in Jesus evermore.

THE ATONEMENT.

Text: *Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.*

The Atonement means "At one with God," in harmony, in accord, en rapport, at peace—sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

It is my purpose to discuss this sermon under five divisions which are as follows:

Theories of Atonement.

The Atonement not Figurative.

The Atonement Applied.

Reconciliation in Atonement.

Substitution in Atonement.

There are various theories of the atonement. The most prominent among these, about fourteen in number, are the vicarious substitution and the sacrificial, but all we know is that the whole world was lost in sin, condemned, undone, and without hope. God's child, a criminal, must die, and that Jesus left His Throne despised the shame and endured the cross to redeem and save men from their lost estate.

"The Whole World was Lost in the Darkness of Sin, the Light of the World is Jesus. I've come to that life and am now entered in. The Light of the World is Jesus. Come to the Light, 'tis shining so free. Come to the

Light, 'tis shining for thee. Once I was blind, now now I can see. The Light of the World is Jesus."

The atonement is not figurative. In the Old Testament days God dealt in types and shadows. The Ark, the Shekina, the Tabernacle, the Feast and the Sacrifices, all had certain and distinctive significance. In the New Testament, there are literal objects. His humiliation, His miracle and His Crucifixion are not figurative nor theoretical but literal.

The atonement must be applied or it is of non effect. Jesus opened the way and that's all I know, but because He died, does not save you. You are not saved by His death, for that is what He did. But you are saved by your faith in Him and in the fact that He overcame death for you. Because He died gave us no license to commit all kinds of sin and depredation, and to think that because He paid the debt and opened the way, that you can give yourself to sin and the ways of the world, and walk into heaven with clean white hands. It will never be.

In the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, I am informed, that there is an estate of over three millon dollars left in trust for an heir who has never claimed it. They don't know whether he's crazy, or a wanderer, is in some insane asylum, is a criminal, a fugitive from justice, whether he is on the land or on the sea, or whether he's dead. So the estate lies right

there. It compounds interest, and then interest on other interest. It takes money to make money and it is easy to understand how that they would not turn this over to any but the right party. Not in a thousand years will that estate ever be turned over until some man can prove that he is the rightful heir, and has the moral courage to walk up and claim it. As it is, it does nobody any good, and the bank is only paid for its responsibility in the matter, as executor with bond.

So, claiming the atonement is the only possible way to gather the blessing. It is the blood of Christ that cleanses, but nothing cleanses unless it is applied. It is salvation that brings peace. But there is no peace out of Christ. Godliness with contentment is great gain, and no sinner was ever happy nor contented, and so long as men remain in sin, they are lost and without hope and the atonement of Christ through His sufferings and death do no one any good unless he will claim it.

There is reconciliation only in the atonement. The devil and his works have entered to cause you to break faith with God. In your sin, you have severed all relation with the loving Christ. A state of war has been declared. Only penitent faith and contrition can re-establish you in His favor.

In 1865 at the close of the Civil War, a prosperous farmer in old Kentucky sent his only son to Louisville with a wagon train loaded with

wheat, meat and farm products. When he got the money he was inveigled into a gambling den and picked clean as a goose. In his desperation, he sold the teams and tried to win back the money. When he lost all, he started for the great West. On and on he drifted, and never stopped until he reached the Golden Gate. His old father hired detectives, traced his son from city to city until he found him. He asked the young man to come home and be forgiven but the young man said, "What will the people think? I can never go back and face the shame of it all." But his father said, "Son, your old mother has her face forever toward the town and is fading more and more. Come home and we'll give you the old white house on the hill. You are our only son and heir to all we have. Come home and be forgiven." All their quarrels of other days over differences in the management of the place were settled, reconciled and forgiven. So God follows on with His Holy Spirit to win us back. He is our Father, He loves us, His joy will never be complete until the last of his children has returned to the Father's house.

I feel sorry for a young boy in his teens who knows more than his father and all his grandfathers. He feels that he is oppressed, that his daddy is an old foggy and a fool for the want of modern sense. One of these young fellows had a free-for-all fight with his father. Cursed the family out, threw a few doll rags into an old suit-

case and left the place in a rage. As he went his father said, "Son, wait just a minute." As he stopped, the father took out of his pocket book all the money he had, a ten dollar bill, and said, "My dear boy, I am sorry that you feel as you do towards your father, and as you're leaving the old home. you go with my forgiveness and our love. But son, the world is cold, and when you are far away, you might get hungry and cold, and be alone, and no man would give unto you. So take this ten dollars, for you might need it." "Father, if you love me like that, I'll never go away from you and if you'll forgive me, I'll never do this way any more so long as I live," and he returned to the father house, and his father forgave him. That was reconciliation. So men had quarreled with Christ. They went away into sin and Jesus Christ brought them back through His reconciliation and his wonderful love.

Alec. McKeever's father died when he was a little boy. Alec. was the oldest boy. His poor old mother struggled as only a widow can to support her children that she loved with a deathless love, like that love with which she had loved their father. She washed and scrubbed, sewed and cooked and did everything to feed the little hungry mouths. One day she said, "Alec, go and bring me a basket of dry chips, my fire is going out." He told his mother that he'd never do it. Then she said, "Go and cut me a switch." He cut down a young plum tree, with all the roughness

on it that a plum bush ever had, but when he brought it to his mother, he said that she had gone out to the plum thicket where she had an altar near the house, where she took all her troubles when her heart was too heavy to bear them longer. In a little while he saw her coming from the plum thicket, singing, "Is not this the land of Beulah, is not this the land of life?" She came in and threw her arms around him and said, "Oh, my dear boy." You're the living image of your dear daddy, and I've worked my hands off to support you and the little children, and you look so like your father. Alec, I love you and you just break my heart. When you do me this way, it makes the days so long, so dark and so dreary, and I wish that you would be a good boy and help me bear my burden as a widowed mother who has no one to love or to care any more." Alec said that broke his heart and changed his life and that since that time he had never done anything to give his mother's heart any added grief or lonely sorrow.

Oh friend, did you ever try that on your boy? And what are you doing to establish an altar and a means of reconciliation in times of differences?

Listen to me. The strongest power that my daddy ever held over me and the best influence that my mother ever had over her children was not due to their ability to beat up on us kids, but was due to the respect that we had for their virtue, honor, integrity and Christian fortitude. We

believed in their personal goodness, that they were useful, sincere souls who loved us with a love past all finding out.

He took our place in the great war against sin. He took my place and your place, and your place. Down in my native Southland, when "Massa Lin-cum" sent out the call for the second draft, there was a young farmer who was bidding his wife and six little children a heart-rending farewell. He had a gun and a bundle on his shoulder, and his poor wife threw her arms around his neck and kissed her husband and cried. And the little children hung on their daddy and begged him not to go, but he said that duty called him and he felt that the Union should be preserved, though his brothers had given their lives to the cause they loved so dearly, that of the Southern confederacy. A young man who worked for him on the farm, came up and said, "John, you stay here and take care of your wife and these little children. I have no such care as that, and I will gladly go in your place." John didn't want him to go, but after two days of solicitation, he consented. He fell at Antietam, and laid for awhile in a grave marked only by a board on which was scrawled his name. Now John and his children to this day charter a private car and go to where this man is buried, and though he is an old man, and soon will have to pass over, he carries his family there every year on Decoration Day, tells again the story, each puts a wreath of intertwined roses on this

little mound and they read together the inscription on his monument, which is this,

Sacred to the memory of Henry Lee,

He took my place, he died for me.

His blood ransomed us. In Chicago a noted physician asked for his wife who had been a trained nurse, to hurry to the hospital and bring him some things that he needed. On the way her car was overturned by a passenger train, and she was horribly hurt. They rushed her to the hospital, where she had almost bled to death before she got there. The surgeon said, "Somebody will have to give her some blood." "Slit my wrist and take mine," said the husband. He gave until the roses returned to her cheeks and against the advice of the surgeon, he gave some more. When they took the tubes off, he fainted. His heart died off in a wave, and he was numbered among the dead. He saved his wife and his unborn son, who now bears his name in all honor. But he gave his life to do it, and that is what my Savior did.

Jesus took our place as a sacrifice for the Church. Go with me to the valley church, a little Presbyterian house of worship, up the valley out of Pittsburgh. Faithful people from the countryside have worshipped there for over forty years. A quaint old character, little known and much misunderstood, was the janitor. He lived in a little log house near-by the church, set out flowers, landscape, kept the lawn mowed and everything immaculately clean. He petitioned for

membership, but a young member of the session arose and said, "Don't you dare to let that man into this church. He served a term in the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and he's a jail bird." Then the young man named Young, sat down. A hush like death fell on the audience but they didn't take in Uncle Ezra that day. Next Sunday they missed the old man, the bell hadn't been rung and the fire wasn't started. Some little boys came back from his house and said he was up there on the floor. When the time came for the funeral Mr. Young objected to having it in the church, but they finally agreed to hold the service on the front walk and the front steps. The preacher put on his robe and perfunctorily read a short scripture and said, "You all know the life that this man has led, and whatever may have been his faults or virtues, he is now in the hands of the Almighty, but he has asked that we read what is in this envelope at his funeral. He prepared this with his own hands before his death." He opened and read the following to the large crowd assembled. "I, Ezra Nehemiah Hobson, being in full possession of my mental powers, do hereby and hereon will, bequeath and give forever, five thousand dollars cash to finish paying the debt of this church. Five thousand to the minister in charge. Fifty thousand dollars foreign missions, fifty thousand dollars to home missions, one hundred thousand dollars for evangelistic work that the gospel may be preached and souls

saved. All of this money I now declare is on deposit under my name in the Mellon National Bank Pittsburgh, Pa., having accrued from my oil royalties since the finishing of the term that I served when I took the shame and bore the guilt of the father of the man, Mr. Young by name, who refused me entrance into the membership of this church."

"We are mistaken," said the preacher, "let us arise and go into the church, and complete the service." So Jesus Christ bore our shame and gave us His estate though unworthy we have been.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

Christ's Divinity Defended in Sermon Delivered
By Evangelist Clyde L. Fife.

Text: "*What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?*".—Matt. 22:42.

That blood will tell is a maxim as old as human thought itself. Very early in the scheme of humanity men discovered that it meant much to be a son of Abraham. Through this Jewish lineage came the purest strain of humanity known to that time. When men first began to think, they discovered that it meant more to be a son of Abraham than to be a son of an idol worshipper.

It is a scientific fact that who your parents are will largely determine what you are to be in this world. Upon whom Christ is rests the foundation of the church today. If He is only a good man and a noble human character, we owe to Him nothing more than we owe to George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, and He has no claim upon us further than that of admiraton.

But, on the other hand, if in the course of this sermon we find that He is divine and son of God, we not only owe Him our admiration, but also our love, our praise, our faithful and careful obedience. There is no middle ground. He is either God or man, and upon who He is will rest the disposition we are to make of Him.

So, after nineteen hundred years of history, with all the accumulated knowledge of the great men who have lived from the second to the twentieth century at your elbow, made possible by the invention of the printing press by John Gutenberg, I ask you the same question that Jesus put to the Pharisees, and say, "What Think Ye of Christ?" Is He the son of God or is He an ordinary Human being?"

MIRACULOUS CONCEPTION.

What do you think of the idea of His miraculous conception? Many people are up in the air on this point, and dying without God or hope in this world or in the world to come. Some profess to believe it, others do not understand it, and still others refuse to consider it, regarding it preposterous. Regardless of what ground you take, the question is unavoidable, and you must meet it.

A few years ago I rode down one of the streets of Little Rock with a surgeon who claimed to be a Christian but did not believe in the divinity of Christ. "I know the human body and the laws of generation thoroughly," he said, "but in all my study I have never found anything that would begin to explain how Jesus could be born of a virgin and be begotten of the Holy Spirit. It is contrary to reason, to nature, to science, and to everything we know. I make it a rule to never believe what I cannot understand."

"Well, doctor," I replied, "you see this grass. Have you observed the fact that a horse will eat

that grass and hair grows on his back, that a sheep will eat it and grow wool, and that a goose will eat the same grass and grow feathers? You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do you understand how it is?"

"No," he said, "but you see, there are a lot of things that we must accept as facts."

"Just so," I said, "There are some things about the creation of the world and the coming of Jesus Christ that we also have to accept as facts. Now, I see from the pin you wear that you believe in a Supreme Being, who is called God. I suppose you also accept the first chapter of Genesis as being a true account of the creation of the world."

"Yes, he said, I can more easily believe the Old Testament account of the creation than the Darwinian theory of evolution or the 'Genesis of the Species.' It would have required more of a God to bring about mankind through the processes of evolution than to have brought him into the world as is described in Genesis."

GOD'S POWER.

"Now, I read there that God formed Adam out of the dust of the ground and made him in the image of God and breathed into him the breath of life."

"I believe that, too," the doctor said.

"Then," I asked, "if God could create Adam from the dust of the ground with neither a nat-

ural father nor a natural mother, could He do just one-half that well again and bring Jesus into the world, begotten of the Holy Spirit and born of a virgin, as it was said of him."

He replied, "Yes, sir. I can accept it on that basis. I never saw it that way before. Now, I can understand why God did it that way."

If he had sent Jesus into the world as an angel or in the form of a spirit, the people would have been afraid of him, as they are always afraid of spirits or angels. But He chose the more effective way and sent Him into the world both human and divine, with the virgin Mary as His mother, and God as His father, so that with His human hand Jesus reached down and brought poor, sinful humanity up to God, and with the divine hand drew God down to man, reconciling the two as would otherwise have been impossible.

What do you think of Christ from the standpoint of His humble life? Great things were not necessary with Him to the attainment of great character. In His early life, there was no triumph like the palm strewing, no ecstasy like the transfiguration, no agony like that of Gethsemane, no humiliation like the crown of thorns. Without anything miraculous, He grew to manhood and gave to the world a pattern of life and a model gospel of a correct system of living and an unfailing prescription for happiness that has never needed revision through nineteen centuries of human experience.

CHRIST THE TEACHER.

What do you think of Christ from the standpoint of a teacher and a preacher? He never went to a university; there is no record of His ever having attended any of the schools of His day. Yet at the age of 12 years He contended successfully, disputed the claims of the philosophers and the religious tenets of the learned doctors of the law in the time-honored Jewish synagogue. He put to them questions that they were utterly unable to answer. If He were not the son of God and divine, why do we not have some record of another boy in all these years who could ask such astounding questions and contend against the most profound thought of His day? He spoke as one having authority. No wonder that the people gladly heard Him preach. They heard Him gladly, for the same reason they could understand Him.

What do you think of Christ as a Comforter? When He wanted us to know what He meant by love He did it by loving, by suffering, by self-abnegation. He did it by denying Himself and by comforting; He did it by showing mercy. With the courage of a man, he had the heart of a woman. If he were not the son of God, why should He have offered to breaking, bleeding hearts the hope of something that is only within the province of a God to give. If He had been human and offered such comfort, it would have been the

height of hypocrisy, foolishness and presumption, and unspeakable.

What do we think of Him from the standpoint of what has been said about Him? Character is what we are and do; reputation is what is said about us. Christ had both. If His character has in it no stronger lines nor sharper angles than the biscuit dough, lives of ordinary men, then He is bound to be human. But if it is cut like a diamond, is laid deep as the foundations of Gibraltar and is as enduring as time, we must conclude that He is divine.

DIVINE CHARACTER.

If His character is not divine, why is it that it has been so immortal? Why is it that some man like Aristotle or Plato, Julius Cæsar, or Shakespeare is not challenging the minds of men for consideration all over the world today. What is it that Christ is the only character with which the idea of divinity has ever been associated?

If he is not divine and the son of God, why is it that He is the inspiration of more books, the basis for more thought, the subject of more discussion, and the object of more devotion than all the characters of history before and since His day?

CALLS WITNESSES.

If you wanted a recommendation you would secure it from your closest friends; and be exceedingly careful to keep your prospective employer from hearing the testimony of your ene-

mies. But I am going to call the bitterest enemies that Jesus ever had and ask them to testify before you tonight.

Come up here, Mr. Pharisee, take this seat on the witness stand and tell these people what you think of Jesus Christ. "Well, we were His greatest haters. He said he saved others; he cannot save Himself. We figured that if He were the Son of God that He could have cast Himself down from the cross and would not have died as a malefactor." This was the meanest charge that the Pharisee, or any of the opposers of Christ ever offered.

"Had it ever occurred to you, Mr. Pharisee, that Jesus could not save himself and save others too? He gave His life for the redemption of sinful man and died in their stead. Stand aside. Your testimony has no humanity in it."

PILATE TESTIFIES.

"Pilate, you old rat-hole, lick-spittle, peanut, tin-horn, pie-counter politician, come up here. What say you, who had to sign the death warrant?"

Pilate says: "It was very early in the morning when they came to my house and asked me to come at once to the trial court. I went immediately to the court house, and such an uproar I never heard. The place was filled with Jews, and they were crying out for the sentence of death upon Jesus. I took Him to one side and examined Him closely, and when I asked Him if He was the

Son of God, He said, 'I am.' I told the people that I found no fault in Him and would have to let Him go, but they raised such a storm that I ordered the officer to tie Him to a post and beat Him to the limit of the law, hoping that this would appease the mob, but it did not satisfy them.

"My wife sent a message, which I hastily opened, and read, 'Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this night concerning Him in a dream.' When I brought out Barabbas, who was everything a bad man could be, and asked the Jews, 'Who will you that I release unto you upon this feast occasion,' to my surprise and horror they cried, 'Give us Barabbas,'—'What then shall I do with your King,' said I. 'Let him be crucified; his blood be on our heads and on the heads of our children.'

"Then, fearing the outbreak and insurrection of my subjects, I signed the death warrant and printed on a board thus: 'This is Jesus, King of the Jews.' Then the Jews stormed and objected again, saying, 'That is not right.' Fix it this way: 'He said, I am king of the Jews.' But I said to them, 'What I have written, I have written. There will be no change.'

"I called for a bowl of water, and as I washed my hands said to the people. 'I will be free from this man's blood.'"

All right, Pilate, please stand aside, while we call the next witness.

JUDAS CALLED.

Come up here, Judas, you old grafter and money-grabber. Tell the people what you have to say about Jesus. "Oh," he says, "ladies and gentlemen, I thought that He would get away from the mob like He did over there at Capernaum. I needed the money, so when the Jews said they would give me \$15.90 if I would turn Him over to them, I said, 'All right, boys, watch my smoke. But when I saw them take Him after I had betrayed Him in the Garden of Gethsemane with a kiss, and Jesus spoke to me those burning words, 'Judas, betrayest thou the son of man with a kiss,' I went before the Sanhedrin, threw down the \$15.90 and said, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood.' I wanted to give back the money and have them release Jesus, but they grinned at me like demons, and said, 'See thou to that. We have what we want; we've got Him this time.' I threw down the money, hurriedly left the place and hanged myself."

That will do, Judas, stand aside. Call the Penitent Thief, Mr. Clerk.

Penitent Thief, what have you to say concerning Jesus? He says, "We were put upon the cross just before Jesus. We were suffering horribly. The thief on the other side of Jesus railed upon Him and said, 'If thou be the Son of God, get down from here and take us down.' But I turned to Him and said, 'Revilest thou the Son of God. Don't you see that we are in the same boat and

will all have to die together?' I told the other fellow that this man Jesus had done nothing amiss."

You will note in this testimony that not one of these enemies of Christ have said anything that will stand the test, and that remains and continues to be unfavorable. If this testimony of the bitterest enemies and the greatest persecutors of Christ did not in itself establish the claims as to His divinity, I should like to know what it would take, for in this they gave unmistakable testimony, in favor of His divinity instead of against it, as they meant to. When Christ's meanest enemies cannot refrain from giving such testimony, is it not overwhelming evidence as to the incontrovertible of all that has been claimed for Him as the Son of God?

TESTIMONY OF HIS FRIENDS.

Added to this testimony of His bitterest enemies, which any judge or jury would be bound to admit was mostly favorable to His divinity, and direct and positive evidence to His divinity instead of against it, we will add the testimony of His friends, who have a right to be considered as at least as strong witnesses as his enemies, in view of the fact that they knew more about Him, were with Him and because of their friendly natures and close companionship would better understand the purposes and motives of His life and career.

The first witness, John the Baptist, testifies

and says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

Peter said that He was the Christ and acknowledged that he lied when he denied him.

Thomas cried, "My Lord and my God."

Saul, when he was struck down to the earth said, "Who art thou, Lord?" and "I have suffered all things for Christ."

The angels in heaven said, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

God Himself said, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him."

And the Centurion, looking upon his dead prisoner, said, "Surely this was the Son of God."

With such overwhelming testimony of men who loved in His day, saw Him with their eyes, and there has never been any testimony so accredited as that of an eye-witness; heard Him with their ears, and even handled Him with their hands, is there any bit of ground upon which a man, after almost two thousand years, can base a claim or argument against His divinity? Would not the testimony of men regarding Abraham Lincoln be more credible if they had seen him than if they had not been born until thirty years after the great emancipator had been dead and buried?

Philosopher, what do you think of Him? You may or may not believe the things that Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, the Stoics or any other school of thinkers taught, and that is immaterial. They offer no solution for the problems of life; they

gave no analysis of sin, its nature and consequences, they offered no scheme of redemption. The philosophers of men have been as changing as the shifting of sands of the sea; there is nothing immortal about them, nor is there anything that lays claim to preparation for eternal life. Your adherence to their teachings does not matter, but you will find that Jesus is the one unavoidable character of all history.

Now, the question is, what will you do with Jesus? Tomorrow the question may be, what will Jesus do with you, as you face the judgment throne, when the doors are shut and the books are opened. Your answer now will determine His answer then.

HEAVEN.

Textx: Rev. 21:4. *"And I, John, saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband, and there was no more sea, and John 14:2. Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me, in my father's house are many mansions. Were it not so I would have told you. Behold I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."*

We all long for a better state. From the poor man who walks and carries the dinner pail to the rich man in the limousine, this life affords no final satisfaction. The heart yearns for a better state, as the sparks fly upward, and young birds desire to fly higher.

We are all interested in heaven. It is the subject of our prayers, our hopes, and our fears, and we all hope some time to reach that blessed abode. I can remember when my mother down in old Kentucky used to gather her little children around her knee and put her arms around them and pray like this, "And now our Heavenly Father, when this life is over, with its joys and cares, its sorrows and its troubles, bring us together to be with thee in heaven without the loss of one and we love thee and give thee all the praise, who having not seen, we love, for Jesus sake. Amen.." It seemed that the sweet chariot would swing a lit-

tle lower as if to bear our souls away on the wings of the glad morning.

I was holding a meeting in California, that beautiful land of golden sunshine and flowers. The meetings were held in the orange show tent, which seated about four thousand. Over a thousand people were converted in that meeting, and that morning at the close of the sermon, along this subject, one of the finest and most distinguished looking men I ever saw, came down and asked me to go home with him. He had gray hair and big blue eyes, and as fine a face as I ever beheld. He took me in his limousine through the orange grove and the flowers away back into the hills, where he lived in a veritable castle. He had birds of all description, and they sang as if they would split their throats. It was an Edenic garden. When I went in and sat down in a big chair in his front room, I saw to my right on an easel, the loveliest painting that I ever beheld in a man's home. She was exquisitely attired in a blue gown and had golden hair and blue eyes. A heavy gold frame with a shadow box gave tone to the painting which was full length and done in oil. I asked him who it was, and he said it was his daughter. I asked him if she were in the choir that morning, and he said, "No, but that she sang in the heavenly choir." And then he told me the sweetest, saddest story that I think I ever heard. He said, "You know Brother Fife, my wife and I both had money, and we came out here

from New York for me to make more and my wife to blow it. But our little daughter didn't turn that way. She went to the little Sunday school down here around the corner. An evangelist came there one day and she went forward and gave her heart to God. When she was 17, she departed this life, but before she went away, she called us to her and said, "Now mother, daddy, the only reason I hate to go is that I will lose my place in the little church where they need me so, and I just want you and mother to promise me that when I have gone, that you will take my place in that little church. We laid her to rest amid the singing of the sweet voiced birds, mingled with the fragrance of the honey suckles and the roses, and our hearts went down into that grave, which we covered with sweet flowers and watered with our tears. That night they had prayer meeting at the little church. We went forward and fell down on our knees and gave our hearts to God in full surrender. Now I just take out what I need for my business, and what my wife wants for herself and for the home and the rest we lay on the altar, for the preaching of the gospel in such work as you are doing and for the maintenance of the church. God blesses me past all finding out and we're just waiting on this side of the river till we can sing like the old niggers used to do down in the southland and say "Hallelujah, crossing over with my Jesus into Canaan."

There was a well-to-do business man and manufacturer who lived in a twin city. He had little use for the folks on the other side down in the valley, where the workshops were, and seldom went down there. He had a fine home out on the drive toward the top of the hill above the river. One day a young business man from the other side of the river, courted and wooed and won his lovely daughter and they married and went down into the little industrial city to make their first home. All the music of life came with those dear little boys that were born into their home, and on Sunday afternoon they would go across town and push the baby buggy up to see Grandmother and Granddaddy, but after the little fellows came into their home, the old father who got up with the birds after he grew older, would go out onto the front porch and look down under the smoke clouds into the little city across the river, and wonder how his loved ones over there were getting along. So we're more interested in heaven now because of our loved ones who have gone before into the better land.

There are loved ones in the glory
Whose dear forms we often miss
When we finish earthly story
Shall we join them in their bliss?
Will the circle be unbroken
By and bye, bye and bye.
There's a better home awaiting
In the sky, in the sky.

But somebody says, "Where is heaven?" In Deut. 26:15 we read, "Look down from thy holy habitation in heaven and bless thy people, Israel." We read that Christ was received up into heaven, and that Stephen looked up steadfastly into heaven, and that no man hath ascended into heaven, but he that descended out of heaven the Son of man which is in heaven.

But the question comes, "How far above us is heaven?" Possibly not beyond the stars. With the aid of Lord Ross's telescope or that recently builded on Mount Lowe above Pasadena, let us take an astronomical survey and see if we can find the city "that lieth four square." Taking a journey from the sun and passing by Neptune, our farthest planet, we come to the great Alpha Centura with its two suns, and twenty-six times as much light as we have in our own solar system, and we see no city there. Journeying on with the speed of light, we come next after many lifetimes, to the polar star. That star is so far away that it takes forty-six years for a ray of light to travel from this earth to that star, speeding on at the rate of 196,000 miles per second, which is the speed of light through ether, and yet no city four square. We next come to Vega that shines with 440 times as much light as we have here in our system, and yet no city. We come then to the beautiful Capella with its many suns and yet no city. Journeying on through many lifetimes, we come to the great Arcturus, blazing with 550

times as much light as we have around us here, and yet no city, and finally we come to glorious Alcyon, blazing with 12,000 times as much light as we have in our own solar system, and yet no city four square. Surely heaven is not beyond all these, for if it is, Adam has hardly gotten started on the journey yet.

But I read that heaven is so close by that Jacob's ladder could reach up into it; so close by, that angels could come immediately to the side of Daniel and protect him from the jaws of lions. So close by that it could give protection to the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. So close by that when Jesus sweat drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane that God could send twelve legions of angels for his comfort. That when Lot was delivered from the beleaguered city, when the fire fell, that angels could lead out his family to safety. That when Jesus was raised from the dead, an angel could open the tomb and give to the world the news of the centuries. "He is not here, he is risen." And when he went away, angels could come down from the clouds and comfort the people and send them to Jerusalem to await Pentecost. Probably this earth will be purified as by fire, and this may be the new heaven and the new earth mentioned in the Bible. "Outer darkness is physically found after one goes about fifty miles straight out from the surface of the earth."

Now the question arises as to what is heaven.

Heaven is a gathering place of the redeemed hosts of earth. There will be gathered all who have ever toiled for the sake of Jesus in this life. Circuit riders, faithful pastors, evangelists, missionaries, Sunday school teachers, society workers and humble janitors, the rich and the poor, shall all be gathered together to receive a reward according to the deeds done in the body. But oh, when the martyrs arise, and those who have died violent deaths, rather than renounce their faith in Christ, and these with the sign of the cross, the mark of Jesus Christ, with their robes glistening above the brightness of the sun, and the trumpet shall sound and these shall arise with a shout, the saints' shout of victory, Oh, that will be glory, be glory for me.

Heaven is the place where the family record of God is kept. Every young couple has to have a new family Bible with the family record in it. Some of them would never have anything to report in it, but the name of a poodle dog or some bull pup, but the old-time folks down in Kentucky didn't think very much of folks in our community unless they had from nine to sixteen children, and belonged to the Democratic Party, and went to church every Sunday.

I will never forget the day when my sister's husband recorded the name of his first born son. They asked the rest of us to come in and see it done. The proud father took the Bible and wrote down his own name, the name of his wife, the

date of their births and the places, and then with an ecstatic delight he wrote down the name of his first born son, Arthur Kennedy Brooks, Jr. They saved the pen, blotted the page, laid the Bible away, kissed his wife and little boy, and as I went down stairs I thought of the old song my mother used to sing down in old Kentucky:—

Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold,
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
On its pages so fair,
Tell me Jesus, my Saviour
Is my name written there.

So when these new converts give their hearts to God in full surrender, God dips His pen in the blood of Jesus Christ, marks out the old account which is settled through the power of His atoning blood and records their names on a new page and says, "I will put their sins behind my back, and will remember them against them no more."

Heaven will be a place of glorious music. It has been my pleasure to hear most of the famous singers, bands and orchestras that have travelled over this land and world in my day and generation. I can never forget the time when Madam Schumann Heinck visited in our home. She came with her children and Mr. Antone Hoff, one of the directors of the Metropolitan Grand Opera in

New York. In the evening as we sat around the table she said, "Clyde, I like this place, it seems that peace and God are here." Then she turned and said, "Would you like for me to sing for you?" I never ask my artist friends to sing in my home for I know how tired they get of public life. "O," she said, "I will sing for you." Then Mr. Hoff went to the piano and played and she sang in our own home those wonderful songs with which she has thrilled the hearts of people around the world. She sang "The Rosary" and other numbers. As I sat there, I thought how wonderful it will be when we all get to heaven and hear the music that is rendered there by the singers of the soprano, by Galli-Curci the beautiful Nordica, who died all too soon before her time, like Jennie Lind, whose voice was never recorded on a wax record, and those who sang the contralto, like Schumann-Heinck and Madame Louise Homer who was a Presbyterian preacher's daughter, and those who sang like the famous DeReske brothers, and those who sang the tenor like Caruso and the old Mario, who could soothe with a tenor note the souls in Purgatory. Then think of those who could play the piano like Godowski, Paderewski, and Rachmaninoff, and those who have played the flute like Marcovitch and Berenguer, and those who played the cello, like Bruno Steindel and those who played the cornet like Herbert Clark, and those who played the violin like Paginini and Ole Bull, and Kubelik, and Mischa

Elman and Ysaye and Efrem Zimbalist and Jascha Heifetz and the master of all of those living Fritz Kreisler. But, Oh, when the martyrs rise and Gabriel comes with bands of angels and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and the angels sing, "Hallelujah" and other bands of angels sing, "Hallelujah," and we all sing "Hallelujah" in our Father's house above, sweep up the golden streets and up the river of the water of life, and cast down before the throne of God ten million golden crowns and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb and rest in Jesus evermore, and cry out "Home at last!"

Go wing thy flight
From star to star,
From world to luminous world
Take all the pleasures
Of all the spheres,
And multiply each
Through endless years,
One moment of heaven,
Is worth them all.

Heaven will be a place of rest from labor and from sorrow. No more will the poor man be troubled because of the empty dinner pail, because his wife must go to the hospital, and there is nothing with which to pay. Because he is out of work, because of the trouble with bad children, and labor trouble. No more will the rich man fear of the loss of his wealth. Declining prices will have for him no terrors. Call money, bulls

and bears, common and preferred, will have no terrors for him; for we shall all be gathered into the father's house, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, for there shall be no sickness, no sighing, no crying, nor any dying, caught up with the Lord forever in glory and passing on from glory to glory. Wherefore, comfort ye one another with this thought. Heaven will be a place of happy family reunion.

My granddaddy lived in Hardin County, Ky., where he came at an early day, chopped with a big, double-bitted axe, and reared a respectable sized family of eleven children. After awhile his children married and moved away, they scattered all over the world, and he and grandma were left in the old Kentucky home, their faces ever toward the town, and fading more and more. He wrote to his children and they all came home with the exception of my father, who was away preaching at a meeting. The table was loaded, the children all seated with the father and mother and the grand daughters stood up behind and fanned the table with old-fashioned paper fly bushes, made of newspaper sewed over a hickory stick, and the pendant leaves split with a pair of scissors. When grandfather saw that his son was not there, he lifted up his voice and wept, and said, "We shall never meet together again in this life." So before another anniversary came around he was laid to rest in the little cemetery down behind the old Glendale Church that looked so like the

church in the wildwood. So if they ever have another family reunion, they will have to have it on the other side of the river, for there is rest for the weary in the sweet fields of Eden where the tree of life is blooming, there is rest for thee.

There is one class of men who have never been paid for their services, and to whom we young men of this day and generation owe a debt that can never be paid. They have labored and we have entered into their labors. One of these men lived in my native southland. He had an old white horse named "Old Eagle." He rode with saddlebags and preached in churches, school-houses and mostly in the homes, before many churches were ever built in that country. When he would come home, his little golden haired girl would meet him down at the gate and ride to the house with him on the saddle. Was ever there a sweeter time in a father's life than when his little fat children humped themselves down the road or the sidewalk to meet and kiss daddy when he comes home, and behind them comes their mother, watching over the little flock. But one day he came in in the last of November; a big rain and a norther had hit in that community, and with it had come the dark angel to his home. They sent everywhere to find him, but there were no telephones or telegraphs and they knew not where to go. When he came in home, old Uncle Jim met him out at the gate. God bless those old negroes who, when "Massa Lincum" freed 'em they

never took their freedom, but stayed with their old-time white folks to whom they had belonged in their happiest days. "I takes Old Eagle out here to the barn and puts him away. You just go on in, Miss Lizzie, she wants to see you." In strode the young preacher, straight as an Indian, with a big mop of hair as black as a raven's wing. As he passed through the kitchen old Aunt Americy and Aunt Liza said, "Law boss, you sho is a pretty man. I'se so glad you'se done come home. Just go in, Miss Lizzie, she wants to see yo." There was his beautiful wife bowed down and rocking in the little old hickory bottom chair where she had so often rocked her golden headed baby, that the angels had come and borne away. The old fireplace was about out and everything was dark and dreary. He lifted his wife and kissed her and she swept him off his feet by the saddest news a father ever heard. So terrific, so unexpected. Crushing. After he gained his composure, he asked if she had left him any word. And his beautiful wife said, "Yes, she said, 'Now mama, you tell daddy not to worry, cause I can't meet him down at the big gate when he comes riding home. But you tell him I'll meet him in heaven up at the beautiful gate, and ride in with him on Old Eagle up there.'" Oh glorious victory, in a faith like that. How sweet it will be in that beautiful land, so free from all sorrow and pain, with songs on our lips and with hearts in our hands, to meet one another again.

WHERE CAIN GOT HIS WIFE.

Text: Gen. 5:16. *"And Cain went out from the presence of Jehovah and dwelt in the land of Nod on the east of Eden."*

It is a significant fact relating to the sins of the world that Cain, the first son ever born of woman, killed his brother Abel. Envy is a green-eyed monster that slays the fairest soul into which it ever entered unless quickly cast out, and it will slay your life and despoil every fruitage unless you can rid yourself of it.

Cain was a good boy; there was never a heart purer than that of a farmer and of a little boy. As a child he was taught to worship the true and the living God and to offer a sacrifice to God of a lamb without spot or blemish. But he became a jealous man; he saw that his brother's sacrifice of the lamb was acceptable to God and that his sacrifice of grapes and pomegranates went down to the ground. Then he became angry. I see him gather a fence post, for the anakim were in the land in those days. I see him strike down his praying brother who turns and cries, "Oh! Cain, why is this? Don't strike me any more." And he strikes him again and again and he goes down to death in the dirt. Then God walked in the cool of the day said, "Cain, where is thy brother?"

And Cain answered as you have answered in sin, feeling no responsibility for anyone but yourself, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

As a murderer he became an exile, a fugitive from justice, a wanderer on the face of the earth. God told him that he would put a mark on him and said, "Whosoever slayeth Cain, I will avenge him sevenfold." Then God turned him out of the elysian fields of Paradise to go into the land of Nod on the east of Eden like the old Napoleon to an exile on St. Helena, or like some Russian baron to some Siberian waste.

Who started this fool question? There is nothing in it of value or import, absolutely nothing to advance the cause of righteousness or to help men to live better lives, and there is not a little old oyster-can stove or a tea-pot heater in the back end of any barber shop or country store that has not been the shrine around which this question has been argued from Dan to Bersheba and back to breakfast, by men both in and out of the Kingdom of God and who were attracted by the novelty and mystery of the subject. Such discussions usually generate much heat and end where they begin.

This question must have been started by the Devil himself or by a conservative. I have almost come to despise that word "conservative." A conservative never built a railroad, never established a steamship line, never erected a new schoolhouse, never voted a hospital, never en-

dowed a college, nor saved a soul. He should really be called in most cases an obstructionist.

And indeed what difference does it make? Why should men in this day and time be so wonderfully interested in a woman who lived away back yonder before the flood? There is not one man in a hundred who can tell the maiden name of his own grandmother nor of his wife's mother. They wouldn't be any better off for the knowledge. All they wanted was the girl, and brother, since you got that girl, you have been so busy bringing home the bacon that you haven't had time to look cross-eyed at any other woman.

Some men are more interested in other men's wives than they are in their own. That is what raises so much hell in the kitchen around this old town. I was asked one day to go and speak to a young business man about becoming a Christian, and before I went to talk to him I took occasion to find out a little about him. When I went into the store he pretended not to notice me for a long time, but I usually stay on the job until I finish the purpose of my mission. So he kept on wrapping up groceries and still pretended not to see me. Finally I walked up and shook hands with him across the counter and asked him if he were a Christian and he said that he was not. Then I asked him if he ever expected to be one sometime and he said he didn't know and that, perhaps, he might. And then I asked him what was in his way and he said, "Well, parson, if you can answer me

a few questions I think I am about ready to come in." I said, "Alright, brother, shoot, let's have it" The first question that he asked me was about Jonah and the whale, and said, "Now you know any sensible man knows that it is absolutely impossible for any fish of the sea ever to have a guzzle big enough down which to swallow a man whole." I reached into my pocket and took out a clipping from the Literary Digest in which there was the picture of a man who had been swallowed off a whaling vessel by a mighty whale; after he was in the whale for about two or three days and the whale had been brought to land they chopped into the side of the great fish and took out this perishing man. The only visible mark on him was the action of the tannic acid in the stomach that had turned his skin as brown as a coffee berry. Otherwise he was apparently unharmed and soon recovered. The whale, when it was sick, had cast up chunks of food six feet cube. When I showed him this picture which gave the name of the man and other details, it spiked his gun. Then he said, "Well, there is one more question I want to ask you, and that is, where did Cain get his wife?" I caught his eye as he wrapped up a dollar's worth of sugar and I said, "My brother, from the reports and the dope that I got on you, if you would pay more attention to your own dear wife who is the mother of your little children, and less attention to some other men's wives, you would never ask a servant of

God a fool question like that." You never saw a man get madder in a second nor turn whiter than he did. His teeth clicked together like a Kentuckian cocking a pistol, and his lips and chin quivered. Oh! but he was mad! I thought my time had come, but I made up my mind that if he came over that counter I'd soak him in the cocoa between the lamps with a big sugar scoop in a barrel right in front of me, for it looked like a fight, or a foot race or a funeral. I held his eye and finally he let his head drop and said, "Well, parson, I guess you are about right; that has been the trouble. It's my trouble now and I don't know how to get away from it. This old floosie comes down here every Saturday night and soaks me for anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars. I have thought of suicide or of running away, or of killing her, and I wish you would show me the way out." I said, "You go home and tell your wife about this and that you want her to come down here Saturday night and sit in the private office; then when this old gal comes in, you say 'My wife has your money for you, and if you will just step into the private office, she will sweeten your coffee.'" Next Sunday he came to me and said, "Preacher, it sure did work fine. When I told that woman what you said to tell her, she nearly tore down the front end of that store getting out of there." And listen, sisters, don't ever be afraid of a lewd woman. She will run from a good woman like she would from the devil.

Now, to say that Cain's wife was Adam's daughter-in-law or the first lady of the land of Nod does not do. The important truth is in the character of Cain and his wife or it would never have been taught in the Bible. When people come to me for information I try to satisfy them, but when they come with an argument there is nothing doing, absolutely nothing stirring. Cain's wife is in the Bible; therefore she has a message for the people of this city that should be heard and praise God, I am going to tell it.

I offer a sincere answer for a sinful question. In the first place, there were other people in the land. Genesis 4:14 and 15 says, "Whosoever findeth me shall slay me." And God said, "Therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold." Why should a mighty God say a thing like this if there were no other people in that land?

In the second place, Cain's wife was not necessarily a relation. She may have been a sister or a distant cousin, but that is not established. Dr. Gray says, "Cain's wife was certainly one of his sisters." But if she were his sister, the God that made the first man and woman could have suspended the ordinary horrors that attend the co-habitation of close relatives and taken away the disaster that would be impending.

We must also notice that Lamik, the ninth from Adam, was fifty-six years old before Adam ever died and if old father Adam, after the death

of mother Eve was like some old men of today who want a young wife, it would have been possible for him to have married a sister of Noah's; which would have been nine generations removed, or to Cain, she would have been a sixth great-grand-niece. It is also well to remember that after the curse and mark were put upon Cain he was separated from his family and placed in the land of Nod to the east of Eden. The Bible does not tell us how long this separation was maintained, but from Genesis 6th chapter and first three verses we find that in process of time, evidently more than 120 years before the flood, it was a very general practice for the Seth or godly line to multiply wives from the daughters of men or the Cain line. And when we examine Cain's genealogy and contrast it with the genealogy of Seth, we find from Gen. 4:17 that when Cain got a wife and got a son, which would seem to be after the name of Enoch in the Seth line or the godly line, that possibly he was looked upon as a god-father.

It is also worthy of notice that in the five generations of Cain three are given names to correspond to the last three generations preceding Noah, viz., Enoch, Methuselah, and Lemech, and this is certainly very strong evidence to lead us to believe that Cain's marriage and family began about the time of Jared (which means descent) when Cain would not have been a very old man, evidently less than Noah's age when his first recorded children were born.

And Cain's marriage into Jared's generation, which is the sixth from Adam, and the fifth from Cain, would place the relationship between Cain and his wife at a much greater distance than is quite commonly maintained today, and when we note this correspondence of names in the two genealogies and only six generations in the Cain line to the flood, together with the separation maintained at the beginning, we are forced to conclude that Cain must have been kept separated and did not marry for at least four or five generations.

And when we remember that sin and disobedience to God's laws greatly shorten life as we see it doing today, we may reasonably conclude that the five generations of Cain, the ungodly line, from Enoch to Lemech, would probably cover no greater period of time than the three generations of the Seth line from Enoch to Lemech.

So when we view the question of where Cain got his wife, in the light of all the above recorded statements the explanation becomes very simple and again the infidel scient's question only exposes his own dense ignorance of God's word.

And when we note the eagerness of these gentlemen to find if possible, some unimportant matter that God has not seen fit to fully explain, and try to make skeptical capital out of it, we have often wondered if it were not from this same real ignorance of the word on their part,

and that they had failed to raise the question, "Where did Seth get his wife?"

Such a question would have shown far more real knowledge of the record than to ask where Cain got his wife, and from man's reasoning it is much harder to answer; for God has not given us a suggestion nor even a clue as to where Seth's wife came from.

It would be no advantage to us if we did know where Cain got his wife. Will all those who have read the Bible entirely through from cover to cover please raise your hands? Thank you. Now, suppose that all the genealogies of all the races of people from the days of Adam to Christ had been put in the Bible. It would be a book so large that no man on earth, unless he were an oil king, could afford to buy one. The least interesting thing on earth is a man's pedigree. If a man ever asks you where Cain got his wife, just take the Bible and mark all the passages that tell of genealogies and read from one to another and just see how long that bird will sit still and hear it. He will leave you like silk worms do a frost.

The people who are mentioned in the Bible are there for a lesson. Adam is forever the father of all living. Eve continues as the mother of the race. Abraham goes on offering a perfect sacrifice. Jacob is forever a prince with God. Esau is forever the victim of a shell game and sells his right to heaven for a mess of cabbage. Judas is forever selling his Lord and buying a gallows and

grave. Abel is forever the victim of patricide and Cain to the end of time continues to kill his brother. And who is Cain's wife? She is that woman who is the first of a long line of sisters to bear the shame of their sinful husbands. She looks little Enoch in the face and remembers that his father is a murderer. The awful realization is hers that the sins of that father must be visited on her great-grandchildren to the third and fourth generation, for there is no fifth generation. God spares us that agony and automatically prevents further issue of criminal blood.

As God marked Cain, so he marks every man today after his kind. Here comes an old tub down the road with pipestem legs that look like toothpicks stuck in a wash pot. He has a great big neck, a little bullet head and weasel eyes. His ears stick up higher than the top of his head and he never unbuttons a collar to take it off. His nose has varicose veins and is as red as a turkey gobbler's snout. Anybody knows where he has been. I am proud of the enmity of that bunch.

Here comes a man who is marked in the face as if he has been shot with a load of goose shot. His face looks brutal; he makes regular trips to some doctor in the hope of relief. He has the same thing that 843,000 others in New York City alone have. Eighty-four per cent of the operations on women are caused by the sins of men like these. Here comes the dopefiend. He is a walking skeleton; behind him comes the cigarette

smoker and, brother, if God had intended you to smoke, He would have turned your snout up instead of down so it would draw better and not catch so much ashes. Next in line comes the murderer. He has a brutal hang-dog look and would kill you for a quarter and never bat an eye nor feel a tremor of remorse. Justice is not swift and sure enough in this land for such men. And here comes the old cusser. He swears before women, preachers, and little children. He has no respect for himself, his fellow man or his God. And here comes the infidel who affirms nothing and denies everything. And behind him is the man who is branded with egotistical indifference. He doesn't give a rap nor a whoop down a shotgun if the whole world is lost, just so his name is on the church book and he can have the satisfaction of knowing that his mother once placed it there. In his life there has never been any change and there never will be. All these men are branded with the devil's branding iron and as Jesus Christ told of the distinguishing mark of the wedding garment, so this distinguishing mark of the brand on Cain has been handed down through all times of sin, and remains with us today, to distinguish the people of God from the emissaries of the Devil.

The penalty for sin is not and can never be borne by the sinner alone. No man liveth unto himself nor dieth unto himself. Never was a more damnable doctrine ever perpetrated or sent forth than to say, "I can do this and take the con-

sequences myself" You lie; you can't. The innocent always suffer with the guilty. The guilty never suffer alone. One night an old lady with white hair arose in the tabernacle; her blue gingham dress and bonnet were faded nearly white, as she stood up to testify. She said, "My brother, all that you have said about Cain's wife is as true as the sunlight of heaven. I married a man to reform him but he broke my heart and life. One night after he was paid off at the mill he came home drunk; he imagined that everybody wanted to kill him so he took out an old hawk-billed knife and grabed my little three-year-old boy and cut his throat from ear to ear. He pitched him on the floor to die. He killed the baby in the crib in the same way, and when I screamed for help he backed me into the corner and cut my throat from ear to ear. All that saved me was that the knife was dull and he did not cut my jugular vein. One of the neighbors was passing and heard my screams. As he came to the door and saw the blood pouring down my bosom, he gathered a chair and laid for my husband who turned on him with the knife. The young man struck him over the head with that chair and killed him as dead as a mackerel. The neighbors put flour in my throat and wrapped a towel around my neck, hurried me to the hospital where they took twenty-nine stitches; between life and death I hovered for eleven weeks, and now I want you to go, my brother, and tell it

around the world that I am Cain's wife and that I bear his shame and suffering in my own body, sustain the loss of my husband who was a good man when not drunk, and my children gone from my arms forever."

Oh! man without God, Cain's wife is everywhere, but what about his children—his daughter. James Morrison graduated from Yale College in '87. He went into business and the practice of law; took to drink, forsook his family, became a wanderer, a barfly and a spittoon cleaner in saloons. He died a horrible death in Havana, Ill., some years ago. He was buried the last of August. He hadn't been dead a week until a young school-teacher came there to teach the third grade. She had heard that a man by the name of Morrison had just died, and on further inquiry found that he was her long-lost father who had died in the shame of a saloon, and was buried in the potter's field.

Oh! sir, where is your land of Nod? Among whom are you dwelling? How long since you first went out of the Eden with peace with God and away from the face of a loving Christ. Say, sir, have you had any peace? Are not your wives and children still the sufferers? What memory can they ever have of you but that of a reprobate who had dragged his family from the high and holy estate until they had fallen like Michael from Heaven cast down to Hell. Oh, Cain, your land of Nod is this city here tonight! I offer you

the help that Cain of old did not have. Peace for your wife, comfort for little Enoch, the mercy seat of Christ, joy in the Holy Spirit. Will you come?

Are you coming home, ye wanderers?

Whom Jesus died to win,

All footsore, lame and weary,

Your lives all stained with sin?

Will you come and let Him save you,

And dare to trust Him quite

'Come unto me,' said Jesus,

Are you coming home tonight?

AMUSEMENTS.

Text: "*Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*" Matt. 26:41.

Having been tempted of the Devil, our Saviour was warning His disciples against the fiery darts of the evil one; so having been invited on numerous occasions to take part in some of the amusements that I here mention and having found it necessary to give my reasons why I thought it best to refuse, and which I will say, seem satisfactory to those to whom they were given, I ask your prayerful attention while I discuss one of the gravest questions before the American people today.

It pertains to all, to the young and the old, and it comes up in the home of the preacher, lawyer, doctor, business man and farmer. When you really and sincerely desire it settled aright, it is three-fourths settled then, and no question is ever settled until it is settled right.

When I was a boy in old Kentucky and people made their own shoes, clothes, shod their own horses and sharpened their own plows, there wasn't very much time for sports and pleasures. But now that men are trying the Bible plan of eight hours labor, eight hours sleep and eight hours rest or refreshment, every home finds much dead time on its hands. Therefore the amusement question enters in.

If in the course of this sermon we find that the amusements mentioned are ennobling, helpful, healthful, moral and harmless, I promise to apply for membership in the card and dancing clubs and believe that I am supple enough to qualify on all points. Life is too short for me to be deprived of anything good, necessary or worthy. If it is right for you, it is right for me. This two-standard business is all wrong.

But if, on the contrary, they are undermining to health, morals and Christian influence, then stop, and if you continue you are either incapable of changing or are morally defunct. So before this is over I will convert you or you will convert me. Even those who are guilty will agree as to the harmful effects and no one is so dangerous to himself or his associates as one who knows he is doing wrong and will not do better.

Any man who states a case extremely, injures his cause in the beginning. I do not say, and certainly do not think, that everyone who ever danced is a lewd woman of the baser sort or that every man who ever played a game of cards is a black-legged gambler. I have really tried to keep off of hobbyism and crankism. I like to hunt, fish, play baseball and football, fiddle, play tennis, run a foot race at the drop of a hat, motor, row boats, have served my time as a scout master, and believe that all sports should be recreative either to mind or body.

Anyone who is afraid of criticism has no place

in public life. And I do not preach this sermon with bitterness in my heart but in a spirit of love and prayer and in the interest of decency and right. If I am right, you change. If you are right, I will change.

I went yesterday to the old log house on Meeting Creek in Hardin County, Ky. My granddaddy built that house sixty years ago and it is as sound as a dollar. I saw the old gun rack on which he used to lay his wire-barreled shotgun to shoot at sheep-killing dogs. We could always tell when grandfather had hit a dog in the darkness of the night. We would hear the old sheepbell and the bleating of the sheep; grandfather would hit the floor, grab the old shotgun, run out in his nightshirt and bare feet and go bang! bang! And every time he hit a dog, you would hear him go wow! wow! wow! So after I preach this sermon, if you hear somebody setting the woods afire tomorrow you can know that he certainly was hit.

The first thing I mention is not mentioned because it is the greatest evil. It is not. It started in the church of the living God, but it got to be so rotten that they kicked it out and ever since that time it has been more or less at variance with the church as such. I refer to the theater.

Any clean show and any man who tries to run a clean theater are to be commended. Give the devil his due. Some plays are really worth the while, but the great majority of them are not. Musical comedies, burlesques and melodramas,

"buckets of blood" are degrading for the following reasons: They are usually acted by men who are morally obtuse; their lives off the stage come to surface in their lives on the stage. Plays are largely influenced by the lives of the players. An actor's life precludes any regular attendance upon the church where morals are taught and men uplifted and in the absence of Christianity and morals, and in the presence of cards, gambling, dancing, drinking, the players and stagehands are swept off their feet. Such plays usually arouse passions that had best been left dormant.

At the age of eighteen I graduated in a course of dramatic art in one of the best schools in America at that time. An old actor friend of mine who had come to great prominence said to me, "Clyde, you go right on with your profession; you will make a good one; you have the height, youth, voice, fire and natural temperament. Some day you will have a home on the Hudson River like I have and be able to retire and your worries will be over." I was deeply impressed and after I became a minister, into which I was led by my mother's prayers which have followed me the whole world through, I wanted to go to New York, the center of the theatrical world and there obtain a church and preach to actors and let them come to church to a man who understood the opportunity, thrill, and the temptation on both sides of the footlights. But I learned long since that no man in this life can accomplish everything

that he would like, so that has remained for me an unfinished task. And who will say that it is not needed?

The theater often sets a false ideal for young people and I believe this to be especially true of the average scenario that is screened by moving picture people. A little girl in Cleveland, Ohio, said she liked to go to movies because it was there that she learned how to evade her father and mother. A boy said he liked to go because they showed him how to rob houses and pullman cars, from which he had stolen over \$40 worth of brass already. It cultivates a mania that sweeps aside every other worthy consideration. I went to the home of a man to dine and he said, "Brother Fife, I have a song here that is the very thing you need for your amusement sermon." I said, "Let her go." And then he sang me this song, and if you don't say it hits the spot, I'll never preach again.

"We are in an awful stew
All the cooking we must do
And the wash and ironing too,
Because we've lost dear mother.
Brush that teardrop from your eye,
There's no reason you should cry
Mother darling didn't die, she's hardly
 ever home.
She says as how she's busy now,
And goes out if you please.
The family cat is not so fat

And Fido's full of fleas.
Since Mother goes to movie shows
Everything is on the blink;
Dishes piled up in the sink
Since mother goes to movie shows.
The kitchen's a disgrace
And the ice box has the place—
Oh! how we miss her.
We have no sister,
Our hands we blister ironing clothes,
We have to eat potato skins;
Papa props his pants with pins
Since mother goes to movie shows.
When the villain starts to rob,
Hits the hero on the knob,
Mother's always on the job
Getting full of filling.
Things are getting worse each day
When she sees a photo play,
She comes home and right away
She thinks that she can act.
Why, in her dreams we hear her screams;
We never get a rest,
The other night with all her might
She jumped on father's chest.
Since mother goes to movie shows
Every morning she is tryin'
To hang on the pulley line,
Since mother goes to movie shows.
Poor father is a tank,
He breaks into baby's bank;

The baby's bawling, the doctor's calling,
The family's all in, goodness knows.
For its dinner baby wails
But that's not a job for males,
Since mother goes to movie shows.
Since mother goes to movie shows
How we miss our pork and beans;
All we get is canned sardines,
Since mother goes to movie shows.
At home I cannot stay,
Because I have to work all day.
I get no dinner, the cat gets thinner,
There's nothing in her, I suppose.
For tickets all our money is gone,
We have everything in pawn,
Since mother goes to movie shows.

A man in Oklahoma walked up in front of a picture show with a big forty-five gun that barked like a dog and said to the manager, who was selling tickets, "I am waiting here to kill the fellow that is in there with my wife." "Just sit down," said the manager, "And the show will soon be over and you can get him as he comes out." In a moment the manager slipped into the show and climbed up in front of the screen and said, "Fellows, I don't want to start nothing here and don't want nobody to get excited, but there is a big guy out in front here who is waiving a forty-five gat and waiting to kill the fellow that is in here with his wife. Now, I want everybody to be

quiet and set still, because we don't want no disorder around this place. But I am going to open this side door on the back alley and I want that fellow and that woman to step out up this alley and go out the back way." He didn't hardly get the door open until seventeen couples flew their kites up that back alley.

That was as bad as the man who came to the preacher just as he was entering the pulpit and said, "Parson, I want to get married right quick." The preacher said, "Alright, just go in here and sit down in the audience and I will finish the sermon in short order and as soon as I am done, instead of calling for converts, I will say, 'All those who want to get married, please come forward.' " When he gave this order this one man and thirteen widows and old maids came down.

One of the purest women who ever stepped before the footlights was Maude Adams. She stood for the best things for which her profession can ever stand and on this subject she said, "The theater cannot be reformed. No change can be brought about in such environment and demand." Another actor said, "After several years on the stage, I am sure that it is the most corrupt institution in the world. It is upon the charred souls of women that most men in the theatrical world have climbed to their heights.

I am not opposed to the theater as an institution, but I am opposed to the dance hall, the saloon, the "blind tiger," and the gambling house, as

institutions. The theater is not inherently bad; it started in the church where they played the miracle plays, using at first no scenery at all, no lighting and no effects. Few of the local managers are to blame for what goes on in their shows; they can take what is sent out from New York or do without, but the people are to blame. They sit in the dark and giggle and wink and nudge each other at something which takes down the house, though it may deserve hisses. And if you take the church members out of the theaters of this country for one week, they would face destruction. Theaters cannot run without the patronage of church people.

As a matter of fact, let me call your attention to a few figures. At ten cents a night one person spends \$31.20 in a theater in a year. Five in the family would be \$156.00 a year. If they go half the time it is \$78.00. Five hundred families in a town going only half the time turn in \$39,000 on a ten-cent show in one year. And you know that no ten-cent houses can run and do business any more and that a ticket to a good show costs you from \$2.20 to \$4.40 per, and if an evangelist should come to a town and turn that town from Hell unto God and convert nearly every sinner in it, unite homes, cause men to quit the cup and women to walk the streets and sell their virtue no more, that bunch of worldlings would curse the day that he ever came to that town and say that he was a certain kind of a grafter with all

the emphasis on the "certain kind." The Iroquois Theater fire cost the theaters of Chicago in that one season five million dollars loss at the box office. We have millions for someone who can make us laugh, and copper cents, slick nickels, beer checks, and breeches buttons for servants of God who try to win these folks back to the better life.

Eva Tanguay comes out in some little satin breeches and shakes her yellow curls and sings, "I Don't Care," and they give her \$140,000 a year; Annette Kellerman puts on a pair of black tights and dives through the water like a seal after a mullet, and they give her \$160,000 a year. All the rich old bachelors and widowers go bugs about her. Charlie Chaplin puts on some old slobsky-busky breeches and some No. 14 shoes and does a side ways double-shuffle as he walks, puts on "Shoulder Arms" and "Dough and Dynamite," and they give him a million dollars a year, and I don't begrudge them a penny that they get. If any man can act better, is a deader shot with a shotgun, pistol or rifle, can draw a fiddle bow better, pull a bellcord over old Beck and plow a straighter furrow, can preach a better sermon or write a better book, win more souls or make more money than I can, off goes my hat to him. Thank God! I never wore any enamel off of my teeth in jealous green-eyed hatred or revenge because my brethren or sisters in any line in the world could excel my poor powers to deliver the goods.

When you go to hear these theater folks, they give you what you want; they make you laugh and you go away and forget it. But when you come to me, I give you what you need, you are converted and changed in life, conduct and character and that is as certain as colored children and that God is in Heaven and that Hell is hot.

The school people have a real problem on their hands with the amusements of today. The young birds now sprouting long breeches and a misplaced eyebrow for a mustache, and these little girls with spit curls, three-quarters of a yard in a dress, and cootie garages over the ears don't want to study any more. Between the theater and the dance hall and recitation at class, they are hopelessly and deplorably mixed.

Would it have any weight with you if I should tell you what some of the great managers, actresses and actors think of the theater? The greatest Hamlet that ever stepped on a stage was Edwin Booth. When he played "Hamlet," and when Modjeska, whose old home I visited in California, near Long Beach, played Ophelia, Booth had to do his best and, oh! he did. But neither he nor McCready nor Garrick would let their children go to see a play until they had seen or read it. Israel Zangwill was the master playwright of his day and generation, and he said, "The playwright must prepare his play in accord with the lust of the age to make it succeed." If they lust after wine, wine must flow freely; if af-

ter money, it must jingle by the million; if after passion, passion must be the dominant note.

I hold that the church has forever been the safeguard for morals and the protector of virtue which is the rampart of Christian civilization. Should not, then, the church be heard on this?

Cardinal Farley is a Catholic. He says, "The stage of today is worse than it was in paganism." With "Salome," "September Morn," and "Stella," I am sure that he is right. E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Robert Mantell are all eclipsed by record attendance at these. It is the rotten and the vulgar that gets the gang and this is why I preach this sermon. My sympathy is with the legitimate drama and they find it mighty hard to "get by" any more." Archbishop Glennon is another Catholic, who says, "To go to the theater night after night is a mark of decadence." The church and the theater have little in common, but the theater needs the saving salt of the church.

I object to the way the theater is run today for the following reasons, and therefore believe that it should be reformed and not destroyed; for anyone who knows the theater as I know it and has seen what I have seen and who studies it as I study it, is bound to fairly admit that it has a tremendous power for weal or woe, for Heaven or Hell, for good or evil. I say that I object to the way it is run because of the fact that its chief stock in trade is the ridicule of the marriage covenant and the sport that it makes of unfaithful-

ness. No wonder so many wait until late in life to seriously consider matrimony or perhaps never marry at all.

Let me illustrate: Out comes a bird to do a single. He cocks a hat on the side of his head and lifting up one arm with the other, sings, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" "I do, I do." "Do you know you are "swearing" your young life away?" "I do, I do." And as he goes out he shakes his feet and goes behind the scenes and the orchestra "vamps" him back. He encores like this: "My wife has gone to the country, hur-ray, hurray! She thought it best, I need the rest, that's why she went away. She took the children with her, hurray! hurray! I love my wife, but Oh, you kid. My wife's gone away." And those are two of the best songs that ever got a hand in vaudeville.

The next thing on which I wish to speak in my weak way is the matter of cards. Go where you will, from Coney Island to Monte Carlo, from the Golden Gate to New Orleans, and in any little station where you can get a sam handwich, a cup of coffee and a sinker, you can buy for twenty-five cents a deck of cards with which you could gamble away the combined national debts of America and all Europe.

Cards were invented to amuse an idiotic king and they have been more or less used by that same class of people ever since. In polite society they seem to be indispensable. They furnish a

lazy way of entertaining. It requires no inventive genius to hire a negro jazz band for a dance and very little money to buy decks enough for an afternoon of cards for a bunch of old sisters to gamble on silk socks, lingerie, spoons and dishes. No knowledge of topics of the day is required for an afternoon like that. Small talk and small ideas and a full hand are all that is necessary.

I object to cards because they are the gambler's tool. Suppose I drop by your house and you say, "Come in, Brother Fife, have a chair and sit down." Man like, you take me in through the kitchen, while your wife looks daggers. A man likes the kitchen because it has such sacred memories. He likes old hats, old shoes, a pipe, fishing pole, shotgun, match box and plenty of squirting tobacco. That is a man. So I look to the right and there I see two saddles, bridles, couple of ropes, two masks, dark lanterns, five hundred rounds of ammunition, two Winchester carbines, two forty-four Colts, revolvers mounted and some soft soap. What would I conclude? That he was going quail hunting? Not on your life. Brother, you shoot a bird with a load like that and you wouldn't have a thing left but the tail and the bill. No, sir, that man is a safe blower or a train robber, and the fact that he has that stuff in his possession would send any man to the penitentiary from one to fourteen years with a fine of \$1,000. If you don't want to gamble, nor learn how to be a gambler, then why do you want to

keep a gambler's tools in your possession, which is prima facie evidence that you are in line to do that thing. Think what a habit you are fastening on your children, and when you teach your son to play at home, you put a strap around his neck or a ring in his nose by which he can be led into any gambling dive in the world when the proper occasion is offered.

Billy Murphy was pardoned out of the penitentiary at Jeffersonville, Ind., that he might gather a car of gambling paraphernalia and lecture on it to boys and men over this country. He made such inroads on the gambler's art that he was finally killed, but before he died he showed that roulette wheels, slot machines, and faro banks were mechanically correct and built to keep ninety cents out of every dollar ever put into them. He was finally assaulted by the gambling fraternity and died from his injuries, but from his blood sprang the seed that flowed into the anti-gambling law of this country.

A young man was a jack carpenter in Cincinnati. He boarded at a place where a young lady with hair as black as a raven's wing and white pearly teeth, was very much enamored of him and he of her. One rainy Sunday night he wanted to go to church, but the young lady popped down a deck of greasy cards and said, "Come on, let's have a game." At first he would not. But when she smiled at him and showed those pearly teeth and rolled those dying-calf sheep eyes, that shake

like jelly, had lolly-gagged him a little while, he fell a thousand miles. The game had such charm for him and he had such success with it that he quit work and went to gambling. He drifted off down into Tennessee, sat in on a game and when he resisted, two men who were playing against him, they cut his throat from ear to ear and threw him out of a second story down onto a board sidewalk to die. An old mother passed by and when she saw him said, "Oh! let him die, let him die." A policeman ran up and said, "What do you want him to die for? Did you cut him?" "No," she said, "I don't know who cut him, but he is a gambler; that is why I want him to die." But they did not let him die; they filled the wound with flour, wrapped a bath towel around his neck and hurried him to the hospital where he hovered between life and death for seven weeks. Finally he got out of the hospital and drifted on down south into a revival, where an evangelist was shelling the woods for God. He went down and gave his heart to Jesus and went out to preach the gospel for which he had hitherto had no use.

Nine-tenths of the gamblers are taught in Christian homes by so-called Christian parents. Fifteen out of seventeen boys arrested in a club were taught gambling in Christian homes.. It is the social game that makes the gambler. You say, "I let my children play at home so that when they grow up, they won't play away from home." You might take a little pig a week old and say,

"Now, little piggy, I am going to feed you slop so that when you get to be a big old hog, you won't like slop." We arrest newsboys in back alleys and give them a criminal record or one of delinquency but we praise the society women for their skill in gambling on silk socks and spoons and dishes.

My sympathy goes out to the boy who is taught a game of cards against the will of his parents. One of these fellows who learned in this way killed a man, and when he had to die and was put in the death cell, the woman who had taught him and had said, "Oh, your papa and mama belong to the same church that we do," came to see him and when the jailer showed her in, she said, "Oh! John, John, who would ever have thought that you would ever come to such an end as this?" He grabbed her and threw her down the corridor over that cement floor as far as he could send her, and when she got up he told her to get out of there before he killed her, because she was the one that had taught him to play his first game of cards, and had put him in that death cell to die. No wonder my Bible says, "Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh. It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were hanged in the depths of the sea." When a woman heard me preach this, she went home and burned twelve new silk decks that she had bought for a card party the next day. That card party was turned into a prayer meeting and many

of those women who had never known the Lord were saved. So I would go home and either burn my Bible or my decks of cards. Like gasoline and whiskey and whiskey and gunpowder, they do not mix.

Before you employ a man you look up his record, so let us look at the records of cards. They pass business from the business man to his competitor. When a wife and mother takes to cards her children go to the back alleys. When a student takes to cards his grades go to the flunk side of the report. For a young business boy cards open the door from the gambling den to the cold and heartless world. It turns the rich man to the soup house; the educated man to the ways of the wanderer. If it is hard for me as it is to live and meet the obligations upon me, to contribute to worthy enterprises and support my family, when I never played a gambling game in my life and work the year around, how then in the name of God and reason, can a young man get by who gives himself to the ways of the dead game sport and is forever dabbling in some gambling game? Brother, I don't see how you get by; I can't understand it. Would you want your daughter to marry a gambler? Then why raise some little black-legged gamblers for other girls to marry? Miss Julia Hall taught in a Hyde Park Ward School in Kansas City, Mo. She took a deck of cards from one of her pupils and burned that deck in the stove after a speech against the evil of cards and

gambling. The parents of the kid took it to the school board. The Hon. James M. Greenwood, of sainted memory to all of us who believe in a higher standard of education, was Principal in it, and under his regime the School Board sent word to Miss Julia Hall that they most heartily endorsed her action and would gladly pay for all the cards brought by any of her students if she cared to burn said cards.

The gambler leads a hopeless life. Under his environment and demand no change can be brought about for the better. His only possible hope is to quit the game and the gang entirely, break square off, take out of the game and stay out and not hope to quit winning. I asked a man who sat with me in the Seelbach Hotel, in Louisville, Ky., in the dining room, "Brother, I judge from conversation that you are here playing the races and are engaging somewhat in gambling. Now, tell me, friend, and tell me true. They say that big money can be made by following the gambling game, and that a man will some day be able to retire and die a rich man without having to work." He looked at me with that steady stone-faced poker player's expression and said, very quietly and coolly, "Whoever told you that was a fool for the want of sense, and a blankety-blank liar. There never was a man who ever made anything gambling. It simply can't be done. All gamblers eventually go broke and most of them die in the poorhouse. You are a million-

aire one day and broke the next. You are on the mountain top one day and suicided the next, for at Monte Carlo there is a suicide every day and sometimes every hour in some days."

The Bible says, "Sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind." So we sow cards and reap gamblers; sow saloons and reap drunkards; sow dance halls and reap prostitutes; sow wine rooms and reap harlots. If cards are right, why are you ashamed to be caught with them? Here come the preachers up to a fashionable home. They are going to make a call and urge the acceptance of Jesus as a personal Savior. Some old sisters and brethren are down around the card table, and when the bell rings they kick over the table, spill the cards and work like fury to gather them up. After they have powdered their noses, they go to the door to receive the preachers and say, "Oh! my brother, we were just thinking of you; how sweet of you to come today." If it is right for them, it is right for the preachers. Now why didn't they invite the preachers to play and why did they hide those cards? Why not hide the Bible or mother's picture?

Now suppose you come down here to the tabernacle for something tomorrow morning and you would find the pastors of the churches and my party in here with the money and poker chips down on this pulpit and hitting her up high, low, jack in the game. Money piled up in the jack pot and every fellow playing his hand for all that

is in it. And though they may have been discovered by some old brethren in the churches who make a business of playing, yet the news of this would travel like wild fire. The public would rise up in protest and this meeting would be over right now. I say if it is right for the members, it is right for the preachers. This two-standard business is wrong.

Cards and gambling sow death and destruction in a man's home and the only hope for you to overcome it is with the help of your Jesus. R. M. Hocker is President of a bank in Lebanon Junction, Ky. He is a fine Christian man, a leading man of that city, and of the Baptist Church of which he is a faithful and honored member. He told me, "Brother Fife, when I was a young man and lived in the world, I lived the way the world did, but when I made a change and cut it all square out, I don't think I could have succeeded had it not been for the help of my Jesus."

This testimony helped to win nearly every unsaved man in that community during our meeting in that town, and whatever may be the test "Jesus will help if you try." A father had killed a man in a game. They sentenced him to death, put him on the scaffold, put the hood over his head, strapped his knees and feet together, his hands to his side and got ready to spring the trap. His little boy ran up the front steps of the scaffold and said, "Come home, papa, come home,

come home." The Sheriff unstrapped the man and he stooped down and kissed the little fellow and told him to run home and that his daddy would soon follow. The little fellow did as he was told. The Sheriff sprung the trap, this father's body spun round and round. The doctor held the watch and pronounced him dead. They cut his body down, laid him in a delivery wagon and hauled him like a dead hog up to the far end of town, carried his body into the house and laid it on the bed, and the poor mother said, "Oh! children, come here and kiss papa quick before his cheeks get cold." And that is as good a thing as a deck of cards ever did.

The next thing on which I wish to speak in my weak way is the dance. It is argued by some that "There is a time for all things," and that David danced before the Ark of the Covenant.. That is true, but had he done some of these God-forsaken dances that you see done at the dances today God would have struck him dead on the spot like He did Uzzah.

There is an awful difference between the dance in Bible times and that of today. Then it was a part of worship; now just amusement. Then men danced by themselves; now men and women together. Then there was no embracing; now as tight as a vise. Then music and song attended dancing; now somebody else plays. Then it was temperate; now too often attended with heavy drinking. A dance hall surrounded with

offices, vacant rooms and to which they have borrowed keys, is a back yard to hell. An old negro showed me thirty pint bottles, each, containing a little whiskey, that he had picked up around one dance hall at the close of one dance.

I object to the dance because of its mode of dress. An old negro mammy was helping her young missus to get ready for a dance. But when the old aunty saw how scantily the young lady was going out clad, she said, "Oh, my Lawd! honey, ain't you gwine to cover up your meat?"

The dance is becoming increasingly lustful. I remember the old-fashioned picnic dances in the woods of Kentucky. They were held in the summer time, usually in August. A place would be cleaned off on the ground and wagons would bring sawdust from Brother Smith's old mill and spread it on good and thick. Young swains with bucksome lassies would arrive early in the morning, come marching in with one yarn gallus over the shoulder, brogan shoes greased with goose grease and wearing an old flop hat. They would buy cider and ginger cakes and little candy hearts with writing on them, which read "Thou art mine," "Ever thine," and "As sure as the vine grows round the stump." Why, honestly I have known some of those fellows to blow in as high as twenty cents a day on one girl! After the big dinner was over the old-time fiddler would fetch his bow across the old cornstalk fiddle and call, "Everybody get your partners for the quadrille."

And then he would call so you could hear him a half a mile, "Honor your pardner and the lady on the left; eight hands up and circle to the left; break away and trail back home; first couple balance to the couple on the right; right hand across; left hand back; balance four and all promenade; first couple lead out and balance to the second couple; grand right and left; first couple balance to the third; circle four; right hand across and left hand back; promenade; first couple balance to the fourth couple." Somebody would holler, "Give us music!" and then the old fiddler would play "The Arkansas Traveler," "Old Irish Washwoman," "Cripple Creek," "Chicken Reel," "Flat Woods," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Leather Breeches," "Turkey in the Straw," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Stoney Point," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," "Raccoon on a Rail," "Possum up a Gum Stump," "Meet Her Before the Sun Goes Down," "Zip Coon," and "The Eighth of January." Oh, boys! don't that sound like it? But now they play "I'm a Jazz Baby," "I Want to Lay my Head on Somebody's Shoulder," "I Want My Harem," "You Gotta Lot of Speed Kid, but no Control," "Who Let the Cows Out," and "Raggin My Baby to Sleep," while they do the grizzly bear, the bunny hug, the tango, turkey trot, waltz, one-step, two-step, hesitation, polly-wolly-wiggle, maxixe, squeezin' the mule, walkin' the dog, the Roosevelt Rock, the toddle, shakin' the shimmy, scandal walk, fox trot, and the grapevine twist.

If such dances immediately preceded the cadence of other days and preceded the fall of Babylon and Rome, what then must it spell for us?

I object to the dance again because of the fact that all churches and creeds that have mentioned it are against it. The Catholic belief says, "I protest solemnly and reverently against the dance." Bishoup Vinciennes says, "The waltz would not be tolerated if Christian mothers would set their faces against it and remove their daughters from this contamination." The Methodist Church was started in England as a protest to godless living of which this was a part. The Baptist, the Christian, the Presbyterian and all other religious bodies that have declared at all, strongly oppose the dance. If I were in a church and steadily and continually breaking its rules which I had sworn on bended knee to follow, I think I would quietly retire and never let it be known that I had ever been exposed to religion whether it took or not. Either that, or I'd get in and clean up my life. If I were attending dances and card parties and teaching a Sunday school class, I would quit the class for the parties. Oh! consistency thou art a jewel.

I object again to the dance because its fundamental appeal is to passion and fine feathers. Men do not really care for the dancing, but Oh! boys, they do like the hugging. But I've never been able to understand why a fellow will race 21 miles a night over a dance room floor to get a few

squeezes. A girl wants to marry well, to possess health, friends, good looks and good morals.

Dancing is injurious to health. Broken down arches, spinal and abdominal troubles and female troubles are usually begun on the dance room floor or with evils attendant thereto. A basket ball coach will not let her girls practice more than an hour to an hour and a half; physical culture classes last thirty minutes. The modern dances are just as strenuous, are indulged in hours at a time and never begin until late into the night. Dancing puts women in sanitariums. An undertaker told me in the West, "Brother Fife, a dance hall here in this town has certainly made my business flourish and filled the graves with some of our best young people. The first nine women that I buried in this town died from criminal operations and fifty-four per cent of all I buried in thirteen years died from the same cause." Now some of you old brethren and sisters will say, "Oh, he is exaggerating the case." No, no, I am not. Why, you old saints in Israel have been in bed and asleep for five hours before anything starts in this old town. You put on a nightcap, tie a bow under your chin and go to roost with every old hen and chickens in town. You never know what goes on; you never stay awake to see. If you did sit up one night you wouldn't get over it for four weeks. The fact is that Hell don't break loose in these towns until about one o'clock in the morning and it is all over by daylight. But

Oh, man, they toot 'em up in those three hours; that is when they haul all the whiskey, chase all the petticoats, play poker for big stakes, shoot craps and roll dice. Most of the killing is done between twelve midnight and four in the morning. They choose darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.

Dancing is injurious to good looks. Girls used to carry themselves erectly and now many of them walk with a shuffling-shambling gait like trying to step on a basket of eggs and not break them. Late hours take brightness from the eyes, roses from the cheeks, brings on debility, robs nature of an opportunity to do her work. One hour's sleep before midnight is equal to two afterward. The refreshments served are not nourishing. They destroy appetite for nourishing food, the constitution is broken down and the poor girl swept off her feet. In her weakness she is unable to resist temptations she would easily overcome and would. It is not just the poor girl that works in a store or an office who is the victim of this. A rich and beautiful woman of proud family went on the President's arm to an evening dinner at the White House. After the dinner the President and his wife soon retired, leaving the young bunch to celebrate. On the way home that beautiful woman lost that which is precious to a woman's' happiness and the last time that she was seen was in a resort in Chicago. To give you the benefit of the doubt, I grant that there may

be some little good in it, but there is so much more of evil than good that the good is far outweighed. Dancing in effect is like morphine—pleasant for a time, but somewhat deadly in the ultimate effect. Christian influence and a good home may save you, but your friend may not have these, may fall and you will be to blame.

I believe dancing to be detrimental to education. It destroys time and inclination for study. A tired brain is not retentive to facts. Then you have to stay at home from school to make up sleep; you drop behind, the superintendent calls for your mother and a decision is suddenly made, "That you are so much brighter and so very far ahead of all the other students that it is unnecessary to continue further in such a little school," so you are yanked out and sent off to a finishing school for a smattering of French or Art, and to paint an old cow standing in the pond with three extra joints in each leg. There is one thing about these pictures that are painted by folks like that, the name has to always be written under it or told by the guide before you know what in the Devil it is. I usually guess them off as "Biped unclassified," and let it go at that. Thus they become frivolous and scatter-brained little butterflies who polish their long finger nails, make spit curls, paint their cheeks and lips and suck cider through a straw. The average young bunch in any town today that are just beginning to sprout long breeches and short dresses are really noth-

ing more than a bunch of quill suckers in some soda joint from two to eleven P. M. Forty thousand of them could die in one state and ten cents worth of work wouldn't be lost to any community. Dancing makes high grades improbable if not impossible. Do the dancers make valedictorians, great singers or musicians or real home-makers? Not in a thousand years. In one high school where I held a meeting, and they had public dancing in and under the sanction of the school, they had to expel sixteen girls in one semester because of the fact that they were no longer in any condition to attend school anywhere. They sent them home to their mothers and those who did not have mothers did the best they could.

Dancing is destructive to morals. It cultivates extravagance and selfishness, a love for fine feathers, gewgaws, baubles and paint. The close contact of the bodies is the point of danger. God put in every manly and woman honest breast certain desires and cravings for a divine purpose and that is the procreation of the race, and these desires should be controlled and not prostituted and dragged in the dirt. There are some men who say that they are only to be enjoyed and satisfied and act accordingly, but any man who is decent and has a Christian heart knows better.

I object to the dance because of what goes on in the dance hall. The lights go out or they use little flashlights about as long as your finger and only press the button and make a light when

they happen to think of it. Then there are the strolls with the dancers between acts, the loitering in back alleys, vacant rooms with borrowed keys, and trips out along the road during and after the dance. If some young men cannot harm the girls they dance with, they go to the red light. The daughter of a millionaire sheepman was having a fine dress made for a ball. She said to a girl over in the corner who had no standing in the community, "Lizzie, what are you doing here?" She replied, "Oh! I am having a dress made for Friday night." "Well," said this young lady, "If you are going to this ball I am not going to attend." "Well," said the girl, "I am not going to the dance because I am not invited, but we are going to have beer at a dollar a bottle and whiskey at a dollar a glass and everything else on the list, and when the boys take you girls home they are coming down to my place to spend the rest of the night." That sheepman's daughter tore those dress fittings off of her, dressed herself and beat it out of that shop, joined the church and never danced any more. It is so comforting, girls, to know or feel that some of the boys whom you admire and with whom you associate would go to such places and then ring you up on the phone for a date. Such a comfort, such a wonderful prospect for dreams of marital happiness!

I object to the dance because of the infamous conversations of dancing men that are carried on in the toilets and off the side lines during and

after these dances. I will forbear to give the particulars, but will simply say this that as a big brother, that if some girls could hear the things that men say about them during and after the dance, they would never go again. 'The dance limits opportunities for a happy home. A good woman in Arkansas said, "Brother Fife, when Bill and I take Bill, Jr., and go to church, we come home, get our rest and are happy all night long. But when we go to dances and mix things up over there, or Bill goes over to the hotel and plays poker, we come home and have merry hell all night long." Young men who occupy positions of trust are conspicuous by their absence from such places. Decent men do not usually go to the dance halls to find wives. I know a bunch of fourteen girls, two of them never danced nor played cards. The other twelve went the route and never missed a thing on the list. These two who would not defile themselves with the King's meat were the very first to marry and both married exceedingly fine men. One of them now has five little children and is a happy and highly honored woman. Those other twelve girls married the rakings of the town and every one of them was a home-run son-in-law to set on his daddy-in-law's front porch until he has a family of children bigger than his daddy-in-law ever raised. In every town there is a bunch of these white pants dudes that haven't got a cent on God's earth for anything but a bunch of quill-sucking soda-water

gals and who never will be anything on earth but dead broke. How in the name of God they get by, I don't see. A girl who marries a man like that certainly drives her ducks to a mighty poor market. If I were a young girl and every time anything decent came to town my beau would pass me up like silk worms would a frost and then come around to wade me off to every little old shin scratch dance in forty miles around, I would set my foot under him and tell him to beat it.

I object to dancing because it is death to the church. It cultivates the carnal and kills the spirit of God and the spirit of service out of the life. An old sister went to a young man in the tabernacle and asked him to join the church. He turned her down cold and said, "I am out of the church and better than you are. You dance and play cards and go to places in which I wouldn't be caught dead." Another unsaved man said to such a man, "You go clean up your own life before you come to talk to me." A young lady was dancing around at a ball with an admiring friend. She said, "Oh! Jack, what do you think, I joined the church last night." He looked at her with a withering scorn and said, "What are you doing here then?" The Christian must not entangle himself; there is no halfway place in real obedience and faith in God. When you stop half way and render a half-hearted service you are lost. When you come home from the dance, do you feel like praying or reading your Bible? The dance is the most prolific

source of backsliding. People in and out of the church mock such hypocrites. It leaves a rotten record for your life. If you should die tonight what would be the story of your life in pantomime? For some it would be the bodies of destroyed women; for others truckloads of booze; for others poker chips and gambling paraphernalia. A lady came to my sister and said, "Mrs. Dublin, did you hear the commotion over at our house last night? Well, we went out to Smith's Lake and laid the kids in the back of the car while we danced, and they nearly froze to death. We never got home until three o'clock and do you know we had to beat those kids three times to make them get down and say their prayers." Oh, say, can you beat it? I say, can you beat it?

Some old sister comes to me and says, "Oh, Doctah Fife, don't you think that parlor dances, folk and aesthetic dances are perfectly beautiful?" Sister, it is the same old dance whether you take it to the parlor or the wood shed. It still has the same temptations, death traps and results. It leads from bad to worse. People have tried to reform it, but it seems only to get worse.

Another says, "What harm is there in a social game of cards among a few friends?" Just the same harm there is in a social glass of liquor. It never stops there. There may be no evil effect for awhile, but like gravity, its pull is all down hill. A blind man can see that, and gamblers freely admit it. Another says, "Dancing never

hurt me." Then you had better quit while times are good and thank God to get off easy.

Another says, "What would you suggest as a substitute for cards and dancing?" I would rather leave that to you. Children invent their own games and they are the best in the world. Some line of activity that will give pleasure and profit. For instance, swimming, rowing, skating, fishing, baseball, tennis, walking, running, Bible Classes, music, literature, and any kind of original entertainment. The field is as wide as the world. And, friend, when you catch the vision of service and the purpose of your life is to live for the good of man, you will see this as I do. The idlers are the birds that promulgate this dance business. They don't go to bed until other people are getting up and they don't get up until other people go to bed. They live entirely in the light of the bright electric bulbs and flock to it like the moth does to the bright light. Another says, "If I quit dancing and playing cards, I will be down and out socially. Therefore what should I do?" Instead of being down and out, you will be up and in with the best people. When you give up these things, your time, which is your most valuable asset, to cultivating health and the accomplishments that will make you attractive to the very best, will be turned from dancing and card playing which now isolates you from every reasonable service.

In conclusion let me say that in view of the fact that these amusements mentioned have in

them so much of evil and so little good, do you not think it a reflection on your good sense if you go blindly on after what you now know? I believe that God will cast the church members into Hell unless they purge themselves of such rottenness, and that the name of the church will become a nickname, a hiss and a byword and that from these Babylonish ruins God will raise up a pure people to accomplish His purpose and turn the world back to God.

I plead for a regenerated Church from the preacher to the janitor. I believe that the end of the world is not far distant, and that if Jesus should come and find you unprepared, you would curse the day that I did not warn you in this matter out of an earnest and a full heart. It may mean sacrifice for a time, but we prize highest the things that cost us most. Therefore it is a blind moment in the life of any man or woman, who for a while can afford to fail. Church members, I am done. I have talked to you about this my last time; until the church will purge itself and clean its own back yard, it can never expect for the people of the world to cry out for what the church has. The church is the institution of the living God through which men are to be saved and perfected for the life to come. The only way we can keep it pure and a soul-winning concern is to condemn sin and not the church and call men with pure hearts and clean lives and clean hands to carry on its glorious banner from victory to victory and from glory unto glory.

WHICH WAY?

Text: John 3:36: *"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that obeyeth not the son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."*

God never leaves men in doubt as to the wages of sin. He says that the soul that sins shall die; that all men have come short of the glory of God; that he that sayeth that he hath no sin is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord, and herein dwells the promise for every poor sinner who is loaded to the guards with sin.

It is not enough to simply believe. The devils believed and trembled but they would not confess him. If you would confess your faith in Jesus Christ and pledge your life to him in christian service, it would change your life to a new man in Christ. This text doesn't say, "He that layeth a check for a thousand dollars on the plate on Sunday; or endoweth a college; or giveth a charity ball; or contributeth to missions," but he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life and that he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life but the wrath of God abideth on him. Therefore it would have been better that some of you had died when you were little babies nursing in your

mothers' arms or had had a millstone hanged about your neck and drowned in the depths of the sea, rather than have you grow up to know the difference between right and wrong and track with your unholy feet through the blood of Jesus Christ, crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. So the real question of this text is which way in matters of faith and obedience.

Which way for the unbeliever? There is first a blatant agnostic or atheist. He is not the best exponent of the unbeliever. He is that rare genus homo or biped unclassified who shouts his infidelity from the housetops. He denies all existence of any supreme being, yet offers no theory to account for the creation of the world than to say it just happened so, or like Ingersoll to say, "I only say I do not know." He does not know how to express himself. He is usually thrown off the track through some cherished sin; sometimes because of hypocrites in the churches. Such a man is not wanted in secret orders and is an outcast from every organization except the poorhouse, the jail or the insane asylum. Consider for a moment his life and influence among men as contrasted with that of good men.

Oscar W. Lord was superintendent of the waterworks in Eureka, Calif. He took a leading part as a layman in our union tabernacle campaign where the tabernacle was built from a famous redwood lumber. When the saloon keep-

ers saw that whiskey was doomed, they bought the public utilities and got Oscar to run it. He said, "Gentlemen, I am surprised at you in view of the fact that I fought your business every day of my life, that I have spent in Eureka." They replied, "Well, Oscar, we want a temperate man to run our business. No other kind can make it pay and we are going to give you the biggest salary that you ever got."

Consider on the other hand the influence of a man on the other side of the game. He came down the street one morning and peeped over the end of the preacher's study and said, "Hy, thar, Parson. What are ye doin'?" "I am getting up a funeral sermon." "Well," said the old man, "if I would come around here would you preach my funeral sometime?" The preacher replied, "Certainly, come in the morning at ten." Just for a joke the old brother went around. That afternoon the preacher took time to look up this old bird and the next morning he was ready with a sermon from the text, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinners appear?" It fell on the old man's soul like a shroud and pall. The preacher told what an old devil he had been; how mean he had been to his wife, had driven his children all away from home; how he would get drunk and clean up that end of town; and when he had finished the corpse came forward in tears, bowed down at the front and gave his heart to God.

Then there is the man who is secretly skeptical. He is made so through dishonesty among men, or perhaps is a doctor and has lost faith in God. One of these men told me in Illinois, "Doctor Fife, I was born and reared in the Methodist Church; my mother is on the job over there yet. I make over \$20,000 a year in surgery alone and have everything that heart can wish, but I see so much of human suffering and the sins of men and women that I wish I could go to sleep some night and never wake again in this life. I am tired of living and watching people suffer." It never seemed to have occurred to that man that Christ is the cure for suffering and that if he would give his heart in full surrender to Jesus, he might accomplish with his prayers what he could not with his medicine. Then there are those who are bereft of loved ones and have become rebellious. I went to preach a funeral and a mother walked up and down the floor, wrung her hands and cried, "If God were a just god of mercy, He would never have killed my child." I took her to one side and said, "Now, mother, you don't know what you are saying. You are accusing the Lord of murder in the first degree, when He is not even a party to the crime. The fact is that God did not kill your little child. The doctor gave it a big dose of calomel and your sister fed it cucumber pickles and the combination ate its little stomach full of holes and killed it." So she straightened up and seemed resigned to her sorrow.

Then there are those who are stumped on Christ's' divinity, when that is the most reasonable thing in the Bible. If the God who made the first man Adam without a natural father or mother, breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul, I say if He did this thing, and the Bible says He did, couldn't' He do just one-half that well again and bring Jesus into the world, having him begotten of a Holy Spirit and born of a pure Virgin that had never known man? There are others who are stumped on the origin of the species and the beginnings of the world. But God was on the job doing business here when Pikes Peak was a hole in the ground. If some men would think less about how they got here and more about where they are going, they would be infinitely happier and better men. When you buy a ticket to a certain station do you stand in the middle of the track and argue with the baggage man about the weight of the steel rails and the condition of the track? Not in the wide world. You just get on that train and take a dig for your destination. So why can't men use the same common sense with reference to a common sense matter and take the questioning and mystery out of faith in God.

Which way for the backsliders? Backsliding is one of the gravest offenses in the word of God. From the day that the prophet said, "Turn, oh! turn, for why will ye die." To the time that Jesus wept over Jerusalem all the warnings of a

loving God are against lapses of faith. I can go to your cemetery, take a box of chalk and write on every gravestone there in one word the correct cause of that person's death and that word is "neglect." Neglect sends trains to the ditch, fills hospitals with moaning and weeping victims, empties the chairs in the homes around the fire-side, sends a ship to the bottom of the sea and the soul intended for heaven to the despair of a long eternity.

"From naked stones of agony,
I will build a house for me
As a mason all alone, I will raise it stone by stone.
And every stone where I have bled, will show a
sign of dusky red,
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain,
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God."

Some men have backslidden in their thoughts. Their thoughts were of God and better things once upon a time, but their minds are as worldly and carnal as the Devil would have them be.

"I have no riches but my thoughts,
Yet these are wealth enough for me;
My thoughts of you are golden coins
Stamped in the mint of memory.
And I must open them all in song,
For thoughts as well as gold must be
Left on the hither side of death
To gain their immortality." "

If you had been an old bum of a heathen and had never tasted the good word of God it would not have been so bad. Just think what a man must do to backslide. He must break a most solemn vow that he made to God on bended knee. When you became a Christian, you promised God to be a good man and try your best. You must forget how Jesus loved you, His death on the cross, His burial in the cold ground, and His agonies in the Garden. He must assassinate character. Do you remember how you felt the first time you stayed away from church when you could as well have gone. When you took that drink of liquor, sat in a game of poker, when you took the name of God in vain? Think how a backsliding Christian must keep himself aloof from church relationship. Look at your own home. Do your children wonder why they can't go to Sunday school like the neighbor's children; why papa doesn't ask the blessing; why they do not have family prayers; why daddy swears and his breath smells like whiskey; why their mother plays cards while other women do not; why their papa is not a Christian? In the second generation from you your children are avowedly infidels and if left to you the church of the living God would never have another meeting. It would take a forty thousand acre field of folks like that to ever get up a disturbance in the church.

"O!" you say, "I don't know how long I'm going to stay here." Neither do I, but praise God

while I am here, I will let every ounce of my influence count for Jesus Christ. I went to an old sister's' house and said, "Sister, why don't' you come and put your fellowship in the church?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know how long I'm going to stay here." I said, "How long have you been here?" "Here in this house?" she said. "Yes." "Only twenty-eight years. You see I came to just visit my son-in-law and every spring and fall I think I'll sure be going, but you see when I am sure how long I'm going to stay, I may bring my letter." Now brother, suppose that when you got home tonight you'd find your mother-in-law rared back on the veranda and that she had come to stay only twenty-eight years or didn't know how long she might stay.

Another said, "Well, I have kept up the old family burying ground and if I took my letter away the old burying ground would go down." I chanced to pass that place and found that they hadn't had a preacher for sixteen years. The roof was partly off; the woodpeckers had eaten the ends out of the church and the groundhogs and polecats had scratched the dirt as high as the top of the pulpit. The cattle and mules had tramped down every gravestone into the mud and there wasn't a sign of any human life for a mile around. Yet some men are holding fellowship with a defunct organization like that for just one reason and that is they don't want to pay anything to support a decent church, and hear a man who could preach like an angel.

Another said, "I am working on Sundays now." Well, brother, religion is not a Sunday thing and many good Christian people work some on Sunday, but it is their attitude and decency that count. Another said, "It would interfere with my business." That man was running a wet grocery. I said to him, "Brother, God is going to let you be damned for selling whiskey to all these greasers and negroes, for you haven't a thing on earth here but a whale of a jug trade without even a saloon license." "Oh," he said, "But I am making a bushel of money." To which I replied, "Sir, you will live to see the day that you will regret this only once and that will be always." And he did. Every girl he had had a child born out of wedlock and one of them had two, and his boys got into similar scrapes with other women. He lost his health and went down to his grave in sorrow before he ever reached fifty years.

There is another class who say, "I worked so hard in the last church that I wanted to take a much-needed rest over here." And now you have quit the church. Now let me show you what can happen to folks who do that way. It is just a step from virtue to vice, from salvation to sin, from Heaven to Hell. This woman and her husband used to live at Union Star, Missouri. They were the best church workers you ever saw. They drove four miles in a little old buggy and never missed a Sunday, rain, snow, or shine. They removed from there to the town in Indiana where

her husband got a job on a wrecking crew with a work train. They quit the church and her husband began drinking. One night he got his pay, got drunk and had an encounter with a man in which he slashed him terribly with a knife. When this woman heard it she said, "Oh, my husband, the father of my children, what have you done? Why did you do this? But now I see that I am to blame. When you wanted to go into the church and let your light shine for God, I kept you out and now you may have killed this man and may have to die in his stead."

Which way for the Christian? You are a church member, brother; have had your name on the book for many years. How are you lining up on this revival? How can you pray "Thy kingdom come" and oppose the very means ordained of God through which it should come? You might as well be dying for a drink and someone stand over a water bucket with a pistol to keep you from drinking. Will you open your dead heart and deaf ears to the cry of sin-cursed and dying men? Your poverty made you keen to the world's sorrows, and now your riches have made you fat, deaf and insensate to the sorrowing cry. Will you become a contributing, praying and working member, or will you sit at home like mothers in the summer time who iron miles of fluffy ruffles while their gadding, gin-fizzling, gum-chewing daughters trot the globe to seaports, to strut and fret by the side of some silvery sea?

Will you cry out and say, "Give me souls or I die?" Soul-winning takes a wise man; it is no fool's job. One must sacrifice worldly pleasure, society, sport, money, travel, motoring, all for Jesus' sake. An opportunity and a revival like this for soul-winning come to a city only once in a generation.

Just think of the resources before you, of the boys, girls, men and women in the schools of the city, of unsaved business men, farmers and farmers' wives, of the disinterestedness among some that would give the devil a congestive chill. The salvation of this city is up to the men and women of these churches. Until they are willing to re-consecrate their lives preparatory to the great task before them, they are unfit to do God's will and God can never come in saving power. A revival that disarranges no plans, in which no one takes any stock, for which no one prays or gives up anything is all bunk and failure.

I was holding a meeting in Pennsylvania in a big union tabernacle and a wealthy young lady from a fine family came down the aisle with tears in her eyes. She said, "Brother Fife, I have been living the life of a worldly woman; I have seventy-two young girls in my class in the Sunday school and I can never win them in the world and go the gait that I have been going." She re-consecrated her life that Sunday morning and by the next Sunday she had won seventy of those girls for Christ. In that same meeting came a man

who said, "I have been in the church for twenty years and never had a Christian experience." At another service the President of the leading bank came down and said, "Doctor Fife, my name has been on the Church book for twenty-one years and I have served God indifferently and second-handed. I want to become a Christian indeed and in truth and go to work." He led nineteen others to Christ during that campaign; every man in his bank, every hand on his farms, every cook in his kitchens joined because of his influence.

Any old weakling who drags himself around like a sick cat, and has a wishbone where he ought to have had a backbone, can sit back there and refuse to take a new stand for God. It takes a real red-blooded man to come out before God and man, give the preacher his hand and say, "By the help of God, I will be a better man than I have ever been." If you have character you will do it; if not, there is no hope for you. A re-consecration is as important as taking the first step and it will take both to save one if he has grown cold. Arthur Kennedy Brooks married my sister Bess, and when his little boy was born he got down by the side of the bed and cried and asked God to help him to be a good father to that dear little boy. He has been in heaven for fifteen years but the memory of that young father's prayer can never die from the heart of one who heard it. So let the church fall on its knees to-day while in this hour of travail little lambs are

born into the fold of God and cry to God for mercy and help in this time of need.

Oh, man without God, in or out of the church, the hour has come for you to decide which way. Back to the fleshpots of Egypt or forward to the Land of Canaan? Across the Jordan or back to the oppression of the Devil? Forward under the banner of King Immanuel or back to the flesh and the Devil? Jesus says, "the Hour has come and when you hear my voice harden not your heart." Day after day we have preached, prayed and cried to God. Are you ready? Will you come?

"Which way, choose now

You have come to the parting of the ways.

One path leads up to heights sublime,

Downward the other slopes where abide

The refuse and the wrecks of time;

Choose then nor falter at the start,

Oh! choose the nobler path and part."

At the burial of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, they had a ceremony at the entrance to the marble tomb. One asked the question, "Who comes here?" The pallbearers set down the coffin and answered "Emperor Francis Joseph." The answer came, "He cannot enter here." The leader again asked, "Who comes here?" And they answered, "A sinful man, our brother, Francis Joseph." The doors were opened wide, they brought in his casket and rested him there to await the judgment bar of God before whom we shall all appear to give an account of the deeds

done in the body. Down by the side of the sea, an old sailor kept a wonderful painting of the face of Jesus. He had brought it from Europe. When a young man came in to see it, a sailor lad, he said, "That picture makes a fellow wish that he hadn't done a lot of things that he had." But when a young student from Yale College came in, he backed away from the picture in awe and said, "Well, dear Savior, if there is ever anything that I can do for you, you can count on me." Can the Lord count on you?

